

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

Vol. IV.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,

NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, \$2.00.
One copy, one year, \$2.00.

No. 174.

DEATH BY SHIPWRECK.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

There is in death by shipwreck a despair more horrible than thousand natural deaths. The sudden terrible alarm which finds Perchance the hapless souls asleep, who wake, To realize their quick impending doom. Their breaths come short and fast, and chilliness As icy cold as death quick seizes them. In wild dismay some shriek aloud their prayers For safety. And some transfixed by sudden fears Stare at their fate in hopeless idleness. Others more calm, yet bear upon their faces A look whose resignation mocks despair. "God pity them," we say, "forgive them too." For oh! they little thought what did befall. And soon the sudden sinking of the ship Cut short all intermission from their lives, And hurled them headlong in the pitiless sea. Whose angry surges vain would seek to drown Their last wild shrieks, ere the ingulfing wave Remorselessly has buried them from human sight. Ye Mariners! who have the care of souls Who trust their lives to a most treacherous sea, Know ye the value of so great a chance? And that ye carry an immortal freight? Oh, then bethink ye! when the storm-cloud lowers, And darkness, black as Erebus, comes down And fastens on the vessel, to stand firm. Dying if need were, for high honor's sake, For sake of duty, and humanity.

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A COUPLE OF CAVALLEROS.

At the same time that the two young officers are rowed away from their ship, two men on horseback ride out from the suburbs of San Francisco, taking the road along shore.

Both are garbed in grand style in the national costume of New Spain, which in picturesque splendor is not exceeded by any other in the world.

They wear the wide trousers, *calzoneras*, lashed with gold-lace and studded with buttons from hip to ankle—white drawers, *calzoncillos*, here and there showing along the seams—bolsas of stamped leather; and spurs with silver rowels, several inches in diameter, glittering like great stars behind the heels.

They have tight-fitting *jaquetas* of velvet, close in front, and over the bosom elaborately embroidered; scarfs of China crape round their waists, the ends dangling adown the left hip, terminating in a fringe of gold cord; on their heads, *sombreros*, with broad brims, and bands of bullion—the *topilla*.

In addition, each has over his shoulders a *manga*—the most magnificent of outside garments—draping gracefully as a woman's toga. That of one is scarlet, the other sky-blue.

Their horses are not less splendidly caparisoned. Saddles of stamped leather, scintillating with silver studs; housings elaborately brocaded, bridles of plaited hair, jointed with tags and tassels; bits of the Mameluke pattern, breaking cheeks and curbs powerful enough to break the jaw at a single jerk. The steeds thus proudly caparisoned are worthy of it. Though small, they are of perfect shape, pure blood of Arabian sires transmitted through dams of Andalusia. They are the descendants of the stock taken to the New World by the *Conquistadores*, and the ancestor of one or both may have carried Alvarado or Sandoval, if not Cortez himself.

The riders are both of them men of dark complexion, with traits that tell of Latin race. Their features are Spanish, in one more pronounced than the other. He who wears the sky-colored *manga* is undoubtedly a Mexican. The blood that gives the brown tinge to his skin is not Moorish, but more likely comes from the aborigines of California. For all that, he is not a *mestizo*; only one among whose remote ancestry an Indian woman has figured as one of the roots of the family tree.

He is a man of medium size, with a squat frame, somewhat spare, sitting his horse as though he were part of the animal. Were he afoot, his legs would appear bowed below the thighs, almost banded, showing that he has spent most of his life in the saddle.

His face is flat, in outline rather rounded, with a nose much compressed, nostrils agape, and lips thick enough to suggest the idea of an African origin. But his hair contradicts this. It is straight as needles, and black as the skin of a Colobus monkey. More like he has it from the Malay, through the Californian Indian—some tribes of which are undoubtedly of Malay or Mongolian race.

What ever the mixture in his blood, the man is himself a native Californian, born by San Francisco Bay and brought up on its shore.

He is twenty-five years of age, and his name is Faustino Calderon—"Don" by right of ancestry, and the ownership of a *ganaderia*, or grazing farm.

He is in the scarlet *manga* is altogether different; personally handsomer, and, to all appearance, intellectually superior. His features are more purely Spanish, and better formed. The outline is oval and regular; the jaws broad and balanced; the chin well formed; the nose prominent without being beaked; the brow classically cast; surrounded by a thick *chouette* of hair—coal-black in color. Eyes of this hue, eyebrows corresponding. Heavy mustache on the upper, and an imperial on the under lip, this last extending below the point of the chin; all the rest of his face—throat and cheeks—clean shaven—these are the facial characteristics of Don Francisco de Lara.

His figure is of better build than that of his companion, larger in size, and of greater strength.

True, Don Faustino is a gentleman by birth, and a *ganadero* by occupation. He inherits the pasture lands left him by his father, with the cattle that browse upon them. An only son, he is owner of all. But his ownership is not likely to continue; he is fast losing it, by following



The boat is seen coming toward the shore.

evil courses—among them three of a special kind: wine, women and *monte*.

These promises are long to make him bankrupt in purse, as they have already done in character. Around San Francisco, as in it, he is known as a *roue* and *reveler*, a *debauchee* in every sense of the word, and a fool as well. For, naturally of weak intellect, his long-continued dissipation has rendered it weaker.

Of equal moral darkness, perhaps in greater degree, but different in kind, is the character of Don Francisco de Lara, "Frank Lara," as he is familiarly known in the streets and saloons of San Francisco.

Though Spanish in features, and speaking the language, he can also talk English fluently and well. And French, too, when called upon, with a little Portuguese and Italian. He is, in truth, not Spanish at all, though of Spanish descent, hailing from New Orleans—hence his philological acquisitions.

Frank Lara is one of those children of chance, "*ninos perdidos*," who have come into the world, nobody knows how, when, or whither; only that they are in it. And while in it, performing a *metier* in accordance with their mysterious origin, living luxuriously, and finding the means of such life by ways that can only be guessed at.

He is full thirty years of age, six of which he has spent on the shores of San Francisco Bay. Landing there from an American ship, and in sailor's dress—a mate, it is said—he cast off his tarry togs and took to the Californian costume. Its splendor was to his liking, and so, too, the life of the country. Lawless, it suited his natural inclination; and, above all, his *penchant* for gaming, with him a passion. He became noted in the cock-pit, and at the *monte* table, making money by both—enough to keep him in form, without the necessity of asking favor from any one.

Similar inclinations and pursuits, with somewhat opposite characters, at an early period brought him and Don Faustino together, forming ties between now firmly knotted. Of late more than ever, for, since the gold-fever, and consequent Anglo-Saxon invasion, they have become united in a partnership of something besides dissipation. They are partners in business—in a "*bank*." Not one of the ordinary kind, for discount and deposit, with desks and counters for the transaction of its affairs, but such as may be seen in any Californian town—in a saloon, with a single table in its center, covered with green cloth, and a row of benches around it; in short, a *monte-bank*.

Since the discovery of the gold placers, the streets of San Francisco have become crowded with men mad after the precious metal; among them many who do not desire the toil of sifting it out of sand, washing it from black mud, nor yet crushing it clear of quartz rock. They prefer the easier and cleaner method of gathering it in across the green baize of a gambling-table.

To accommodate such dainty gentry, Don Francisco de Lara has set up a *monte-bank*, with Don Faustino Calderon as his backer.

Though Calderon in reality is the man of money, he does not show in the transaction. He has still some lingering thought about respectability, and does not appear in it. He is but the sleeping partner; while Lara, having less to lose in the way of character, is the active and ostensible one.

Such are the two men who have issued from the town of San Francisco, and are riding along the shore of its bay.

CHAPTER XI.

WILD WORDS.

As the two equestrians, so splendidly equipped, canter out through the suburbs, they are seen by many—some who know and recognize them; others who only admire their grand style and picturesque habiliments. Among these last are the late comers to California, who have never before seen citizens in such shining array.

Further on they encounter but few people, and fewer who do not know them. For they are now nearly beyond the range of the red-shirts, and meet only the natives.

Most of these can tell where they are going—or guess it—at least as many as may recognize them. They would say that Faustino Calderon was on his way to the house of Don Gregorio Montijo, and could give a guess at his errand. About that of Francisco de Lara they might not be so sure, though they may say he was going there, too.

Strange all this to one unacquainted with California and its ways—especially one also acquainted with the character of the two "*cavaleros*." He would naturally ask how men so tainted could be on visiting terms with the family of Don Gregorio Montijo; one of the first in San Francisco or its neighborhood, ranking with the "*ricos*"—the *familias principes*.

By one not knowing the country the answer guessed or given would be—a negative.

But not in California of the olden time, where every second man met is a gambler, professionally, or in practice. Not a few women as well!

The man who does not occasionally cast dice or stake doubloons upon the turning of a card, is a *rara avis*. The keeper of a *monte-bank* may not be deemed so respectable as a banker of the ordinary kind. Still he is not socially tabooed, nor does society reject him even if poor. If rich, it caresses him.

As yet, Don Faustino Calderon does not come under the category of the professed gambler; and respectability does not repel him. His dissipation is far from exceptional, and his father's good name still shields him; under its wings he is eligible to Californian society—the Spanish section of it—and has the *entree* of all its circles.

And so has Don Francisco de Lara—in a different way. Wealth secures him this. He has the repute of being rich, and carries about him the evidence of it. He is always in good

form and fashionably attired. His shirt is of the finest linen, with diamond studs sparkling in its front. Upon his fingers glitter the gems of Golconda. He is free in dispensing gratuities. He gives to the poor, and the priests; the last kind of charity being the best as a speculation.

He intends it as such, and it has well repaid the outlay. For in California, as in other Catholic countries, the dispenser of "*Peter's pence*" is sure of being held respectable.

Frank Lara has dispensed them with a liberal hand, and is therefore styled Don Francisco de Lara—saluted as such by the sandaled monks, and shovel-hatted priests, who meet him on road or street.

By men of other professions, and women too. For he is good-looking and of graceful deportment; *debonnaire* without being either fop or dandy. On the contrary, he carries himself with an earnest air, calm and loof; while in his eye may be read the expression, "*Noti me tangere*." He has come from a city in which dueling is a specialty. Since his arrival in California he has twice called out his man, one of the times killing him.

"*Escorée*," as the French might call him, "*black-leg*" in the English vocabulary, "*sport*" in American phrase; Frank Lara is a man with whom no one who knows him will like to take liberties. In the companionship of Calderon, under his wing as it were—he is admitted into the best houses. Along with the latter he is even now on the way to that of Don Gregorio Montijo—to make a call upon its inmates. It is one of ceremony, and this of a serious kind, as may be gleaned from the conversation of the two as they ride along the road.

Once outside the suburbs, commences Calderon, saying:

"There can be no doubt that Don Gregorio intends going back to Old Spain. The ship-agent, Silvester, has told me so; and says he's been authorized to charter a ship that will take our friend and his family as far as Havana. Thence they will make a land journey over the Isthmus. And on the gulf side get another ship to carry them across the Atlantic."

"Silvester has told you all that?"

"Every word of it, this very morning."

"A bit of strange intelligence, especially about the chartering of the ship! I can understand what's taking him away; for that's well known."

"Oh, yes. He's disgusted with things as they now go here; and I suppose the *senoritas* are also. No wonder. Since the *gringos* have taken possession of the place it's not very agreeable to show themselves in the streets—nor very safe I should say. Good reason for Don Gregorio's selling out and returning to quieter quarters."

"He has sold out, you think?"

"I'm quite sure of it. Silvester told me that, too. And for an enormous sum of money. How much do you suppose?"

"Perhaps \$100,000. His property, with its

present increased value, ought to be worth that."

"Whether it ought to be worth or is, it has realized twice the amount!"

"Has Silvester said so?"

"He has."

"Did he tell you who is the purchaser?"

"Some speculating Yankees who fancy they see far into the future, and think Don Gregorio's pasture-land a good investment. There's a partnership of purchasers, and they've paid the money."

"Paid for it already?"

"Cash down."

"What kind of cash?"

"The best kind—doubloons and dollars—not all in this. Some of it in the currency of California—gold-dust and nuggets."

"That's quite as good. Capital! a splendid fortune. All for a piece of poor land, that twelve months ago wasn't worth a tenth-part of the amount! What a pity, Faustino, your acres are already hypotheated! You might have been a millionaire."

"No; they lie too far off. These Yankees have bought Don Gregorio's land for 'town lots,' as they call them. In due time, no doubt, they'll cover them with churches and school-houses, though the first building put up should be a prison."

Both laugh together at this modest *jeu d'esprit*, their mirth having a double significance. For neither need be over-satisfied with the sight of a prison.

"By the Virgin!" exclaims De Lara, continuing the conversation, "Don Gregorio has done well, and he may be wise in quitting California. But what the deuce can the old man want with a whole ship to himself?"

"Just the question I asked Silvester."

"What answer did he make to it?"

"Not any. He only shrugged his shoulders, and said, *Quien sabe?* It certainly seems a strange proceeding, when there are plenty of vessels going to Panama, in which he might take passage. Only three of them—himself and the *senoritas*!"

"When it comes to their leaving, there mayn't be so many. If fortune favors me, he need only take passage for two."

"And if fortune favors me, one berth will be sufficient—for Don Gregorio himself."

"From that speech I take it, you are on the same errand as myself? Come, *esmerado*! declare it!"

"Declare yours."

"Certainly. I'll make no secret of it to you. Why should there be any between us? I think we've known each other long enough, and well enough, to exchange confidences of every kind. Mine to-day is, that I mean to propose for Don Gregorio's daughter."

"And mine: that I intend doing the same for his granddaughter."

"So we're both in the same boat; and as there's no rivalry between us, we can pull pleasantly together. I've no objection to being your uncle, and giving you a share in this two hundred thousand dollars—in proportion to your claims of kinship."

"I don't want a dollar of the money; only Inez Alvarez. I'm deep in love with her."

"For that matter, neither do I. I'm just as deep in love with Carmen Montijo, and a good deal deeper, no doubt."

"It couldn't be. I'm mad about my girl."

"Not so much as I about mine."

"Ten times more. I could kill Inez if she refused me."

"I shall kill Carmen if she refuses me."

The two men are talking serious, or seem so. Their voices—the tone, the flashing of their eyes, the expression upon their faces, their excited gesticulations, all show that they are in earnest.

In their exchange of passionate speech they have reined up, with their horses' heads together. Becoming calmer they ride on, and De Lara continues:

"Tell me, Faustino, what hope have you of success—what chance?"

"For that, fair enough, I fancy. You remember the last *fandango*—at Don Gregorio's—after the *herradero*?"

"Certainly I do; I've good reason to remember it. But go on."

"Well, that day I danced twice with Inez; and made twenty sweet speeches to her. Once I went further and squeezed her pretty hand. She wasn't angry, or at all events didn't say so, nor look it. After that, I think I may ask that hand in marriage with a fair presumption of not being refused. What's your opinion?"

"Your chances seem good. What about Don Gregorio? he will have something to say in the matter."

"Too much I fear, and that's just what I do fear. As long as his bit of grazing ground was worth only twenty thousand dollars he was amiable enough. Now that he's sold it for ten times that, he'll be a different man, and likely enough go dead against me."

"Likely enough. It's the way of the world, and therefore you needn't have a special spite against the *Senor Montijo*, on that account. You're sure no one else stands between you and your *amante*? Is there any thing in the shape of a rival?"

"Of course there is—a score of them, as you yourself know. The same as with your own *amante*. They're coming and going with both our sweethearts, ever since either was old enough to receive lovers. The last I've heard of, though I haven't seen him, is a young officer, a *guardia marina*, on board an American ship-of-war now lying in the harbor. By the way, there are two of them spoken of—one said to be your rival with Dona Carmen. And may I add, what's been for some time the talk of the town? You may as well know it now, if you don't already."

"What?"

"Why, that this young officer has cut out all Carmen's other admirers—you among the rest."

Bitter words to the ear of Don Francisco de Lara. They bring the color to his cheeks, as if these had been smitten by a switch.

His eyes flashing full of jealous fire, he exclaims:

"If that be so, I'll do as I've said—kill Carmen Montijo. I shall. I swear it, by all the saints in heaven and all the devils in hell. I'm in earnest, *camarado*, and mean to act so. Again I say: if it be as you've heard, I'll kill Carmen Montijo. I've the right to her life; since she gave me the right to her love."

"Did she do that—did she tell you she loved you?"

"Not in words, I admit. But there are other signs of assent besides speech and the hand-squeezing you speak of. Carmen Montijo may be cunning. Some call her coquette. All I know is that she has led me to believe she loved me. And if she's been playing a false game, God help her. She shall rue it one way or the other. This day I'm determined to know the truth. I intend to declare myself in good faith, and offer her my hand in marriage. If she refuse it, then I'll know how things stand, and by the Virgin, she shall never leave California till accounts are squared between us. She shall find that Francisco de Lara is no fool—no soft spooner, to let one of woman-kind either laugh at, or play coquette with him."

"I admire your spirit, *amigo*. I catch courage from it, and will imitate your action, if it turn out that Inez Alvarez has been trifling with me. But let us first know what is to be our fate, which we shall, I suppose, soon after ascending yonder hill. One way or the other we will be happy, the other wretched. Or both may be accepted; and then we shall both be blessed. Taking things at their worst, that we'll both be refused, what then? Despair, and the Devil, I suppose."

"The last if you like, but not the first. When despair comes to Frank Lara, death will come with it—before and after. But we waste time talking. From what you've told me, there's none to spare. Let us forward, and learn our fate!"

From a second pause which they had made, while thus passionately debating, the two horsemen keep on; with stroke of spur urging their horses into a gallop—on the faces of both an expression that speaks of little hope in their hearts; but much of despair and the Devil.

CHAPTER XII.

A PAIR OF SPANISH SENORITAS.

Two young girls standing on the top of a house.

Although on the shores of the South Sea, overlooking San Francisco Bay, it is a house of Spano-Mexican architectural style, with a flat roof—termed *azotea*.

It is the dwelling of Don Gregorio Montijo. Thus far away from Spain, Don Gregorio is nevertheless a Spaniard, who, ten years before, found his way into Mexico, and afterward to California.

Settling there, he became a *ganadero*, or cattle-grazier—the industry in those days followed by most Californians.

There is proof that he has prospered. His *ganadero* gives this. It extends for several miles along the shore and several leagues inland. A thousand horses and ten thousand horned cattle roam over its grassy slopes.

In the New World Don Gregorio has done well, though he brought something from the Old—sufficient cash to purchase a large tract of pasture-land, and stock it.

No needy adventurer he; but a gentleman by birth, one of Biscay's *bluest blood*, *hidalgos* since the days of the Old. Besides his ready-money he brought to the New World a wife—Biscayan as himself—with a daughter, then just eight years old.

His wife lies buried near the Bay; a tombstone seen in the cemetery of the old Dolores Mission commemorating her many virtues.

His daughter is one of the two young ladies standing on the housetop.

Since then he has received an addition to his contracted family circle; the added member being the offspring of another and older daughter; so much older that her child surviving is less than two years younger than her own aunt—a lapse of night twenty intervening between the births of Don Gregorio's first-born and last.

This child, now full-grown, is the second of the two on the *azotea*.

The niece is quite as tall as her aunt, though in other respects they differ so widely that one unacquainted with the fact would not think there was the slightest kinship between them.

The aunt, called Carmen—Dona Carmen Montijo—is of pure Biscayan blood, both by the father's and mother's side. From this she derives her blonde complexion, with hair of amber hue. From it she has the blue-gray eyes of the Breton—better known as Irish—the Basques and Celts being a kindred race. From it, also, she inherits a smiling face, with just enough of roguery in the smile to cause a *souper* of coquettishness. Perhaps only a seeming.

The Biscayan breed gives her a figure of full development, withal in perfect feminine proportion, throughout its undulating outlines. While her mother has transmitted to her what, according to account, she had herself in an eminent degree—beauty.

In the daughter this quality has not deteriorated, but perhaps rather improved. The benignant climate of California has done this; for the soft breezes of the South Sea fan as fair cheeks as were ever kissed by Tuscan or Levantine wind.

It is not necessary to describe the beauty of Dona Carmen Montijo in all its details. A whole chapter might be devoted to her many charms, and still not do them justice. Enough to say that they are beyond cavil, and are so esteemed by scores of Californians. The talk goes that there are men in San Francisco who would dare death for her sake. Some who would do it suicidally—if sure of a smile from her rich red lips to speak approval of the deed.

Idle talk, no doubt; much of it; though not all. One man, we know, would commit murder for her; kill even herself, not caring for the consequences.

And in this same San Francisco there are men who would do almost as much for her niece, though she has neither a blonde complexion, nor blue eyes, nor amber hair.

In all these different, the first "morena" or brunette; the second black as ink, the last as ebony.

But Inez Alvarez is also a beauty; of the type immortalized by many bards; Byron among the number, when he wrote his rhapsody on the "Girl of Cadiz."

She is herself a girl of Cadiz; of which city her father was a native.

The Conde Alvarez, an officer in the Spanish army, serving with his regiment in Biscay, there saw a face that charmed him. It belonged to the daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo—his first-born. The count wooed the Biscayan lady, won and bore her away to his home in Andalusia.

Eighteen years since this event. He and she are no more; their child—an only daughter—alone living to attest they were wedded.

From her father, in whose veins ran Moorish blood, Inez Alvarez has eyes that are jet-black, with lashes nearly half an inch in length, and above them brows shaped like the moon in the middle of her first quarter. She is in form more slender than Carmen Montijo, quite her equal

in height, and in this may yet excel; since she is day by day growing taller.

The death of her parents will account for her being in California. She has come thither to be under the protection of her nearest living relative—Don Gregorio Montijo.

She has been in San Francisco only a short time; and though all the while lovers have been sighing around her, she does not desire to stay. She longs to return to Andalusia.

Her longing is likely to be gratified, as already learnt from the conversation between the two cavaliers, riding along the road. The girls upon the *azotea* are talking on this same subject.

Inez speaks, asking a question:

"Is it really true, *tia*, that we're going back to Spain?"

"Quite true; and I'm sorry for it."

"Why should you be sorry?"

"Why? There are many reasons why."

"Give one."

"I can find twenty."

"One good one will be sufficient."

"They're all good."

"Let me hear them, then."

"First of all, I like California; I love it; it's fine climate, and bright blue sky."

"Not a bit brighter or bluer than the sky of Spain."

"Ten times brighter and ten times bluer. The skies of the old world are to those of the new as lead to lapis lazuli. In that respect neither Spain nor Italy can compare with California. Its seas, too, are superior. Even the boasted Bay of Naples would be but a little pond alongside that noble sheet of water far-stretching before our eyes. Look at it!"

"Looking at it through your eyes, I might think so; not through mine. For my part I see nothing in San Francisco Bay so much to admire."

"But something on it. Come now, confess the truth."

"I don't know what you mean, aunt."

"Oh, you're very innocent, my *Mora*. Walk this way. Stand here, close to the parapet; look over it—out upon the bay. Now do you see any thing?"

"I see ships—nothing else."

"I don't want you to see any thing else. And of the ships, only one—you know which. I suppose? or shall I point it out? Yonder, afar off, with a flag flying, red, white, and blue. Isn't that something on the Bay of San Francisco?"

"But that don't belong to your bay does it?"

"No matter; it's in it now, and in it, the ship—somebody, that if I mistake not, has very much interested somebody else—a certain senorita from Spain."

"You are speaking of the Senorita Carmen Montijo?"

"I'm speaking of the Senorita Inez Alvarez."

"Your words will answer equally as well for yourself."

"Suppose I admit it and say yes? Well, I will. There is one in yonder ship I am interested in. Nay, more, I admire; *ay, love* him. You see, I'm not ashamed to confess myself in love, though it be a weakness. We Biscayans don't keep secrets, as you Andalusians. For you haven't kept yours, *sobrina*, though you've tried hard enough. I saw from the first that you were smitten with that American *guardia marina*, notwithstanding his hair that's just the color of a squash."

"It isn't any thing of the kind. His hair is a thousand times prettier than that of the other *guardia marina*, who's taken your fancy, *tia*."

"Nothing to compare with it. Look at this. There's one of the handsomest curls ever cut from the head of man. Brown and shining like the coat of a fur seal. Isn't it beautiful? I could kiss it over and over again."

"While speaking she does kiss it over and over again."

"And look at this," exclaims Inez, in turn, drawing forth a tress and displaying it in the sun. "See now how that shines. It's like tissue of gold. Far handsomer than strings of black thread, and ten times better worth kissing."

And she proceeds to kiss and caress it.

"So—so, my innocent!" exclaims Carmen, "you've been stealing a tress too?"

"As yourself, *tia*."

"And I suppose you've given one in exchange?"

"Have you?"

"I have. To you I make no secret of it—come now, be equally candid with me. Have you really exchanged love-locks?"

"I've done the same as yourself."

"And has your heart gone with the gift? Tell the truth, Inez."

"Ask your own, Carmen, and take its answer for mine."

"Enough, we understand each other, and shall keep the secret to ourselves. Now let's talk of other things; that's back and all you see with, about leaving California. You're glad that we're going?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wonder at your not being the same. Dear old Spain, the finest country on earth, and Cadiz the finest city."

"Well, *adida una a su gusto*. We differ about that. Give me California for a country, and San Francisco for a home, though it isn't much of a city as yet. It will be one day, ere long. As it is, I should like to stay here, but that can't be, and there's an end of it. Father has determined on leaving. Indeed, he has already sold the place, so that this house and all you see around it is no longer ours. The lawyers have made out the transfer deeds, and the money has been paid down. So that we're only here on sufferance, and must soon deliver up. We're to take ship to Panama, cross the Isthmus, and over the great Atlantic ocean, once more to renew the old world life with all its stupid ceremonies. I'm sure they will come killing me. I shall sadly miss the fine wild days of California, its rural sports, with their originality and quaint picturesqueness. Oh, I'm sure I shall die of *ennui* soon after reaching Spain. Cadiz will kill me."

"But, Carmen, surely you couldn't be happy here—now that every thing is so changed. Why, they say we can scarce walk out with safety, or go into the streets of the town, crowded as they are with those rude fellows who have come to search for gold—Anglo-Saxons, as they call themselves."

"What! you speaking against Anglo-Saxons, and with that tress treasured in your bosom—lying so near your heart?"

"Oh! he is different. He is not Saxon, but of Celtic race, the same as you Biscayans. Besides, he isn't to be ranked with the rabble in red shirts, and big boots, though he be born among such people. You know that, *tia*."

"I'm not so sure I do, *sobrina*. I think you do wrong to these red-shirted gentry. Rough as is their exterior, they have gentle hearts under their coarse, homespun coats. Many of them are true gentlemen—we never had insult from them—not even disrespect. Father wrongs them, too; for it is indeed their presence here that's causing him to quit California, with many others of our old families. Still we live in the *campesina*, not the town, and still we enjoy immunity from meeting 'los barbaros,' as our people are pleased contemptuously to style them. For my part I love dear old California, and much dislike leaving it. Only to think I shall never behold the brave *vaquero* mounted on his magnificent steed, careering

across the plains, and launching his lazo over the horns of the fierce wild bulls, ready to gore him if he but miss his aim. I say it is the finest sight in the world, sweetly exciting in this dull prosaic age. It recalls the heroic days and deeds of the great Conde, the Campeador and Cid. Yes, Inez, in this Transatlantic type, out here on the shores of the South Sea, there is still something to remind one of the old knight-errantry, and the times of the Troubadours."

"Well, yonder are two of your knights errant, if I mistake not, making this way. Now, *tia*, standing on the *azotea* of a Californian house, you can fancy yourself on the donjon of an old Spanish castle. Salute and receive them accordingly. Ha! ha! ha!"

The clear, ringing laugh of the Andalusian is not echoed by the Biscayan.

Instead, a frown comes over her face as her eyes rest upon the horsemen—for they are horsemen who are thus pointed out.

"True types of Californian chivalry," adds Inez, ironically.

"True types of Californian villainy," responds Carmen, speaking in earnest.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Bought With a Price.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Not going out to-night, Kathie, surely?"

An impatient, angry scowl came to Katherine Harmon's white brow as she turned upon the threshold of the nursery. Her costly Parisian robe floated far behind her true regal figure, and the diamonds from her snowy neck reflected back the light of the gas-jets.

Truly, Norman Harmon was to be envied the possession of so queenly a woman, declared his many friends, and so he was if a beautiful piece of marble, decked with French millinery, can fill a man's heart and make him happy.

"I am sure Clarence isn't sick enough to keep me home from Mrs. Stuyvesant's ball," bending over the crib and taking one of the little feverish hands in her own. "It is the one event of the season, and if you were any kind of a man, Norman, you would be ashamed to allow your wife to go off with no escort save a boy-cousin. I have ceased to expect any thing more from you, however, with a sigh of resignation. 'It is nothing but your books and baby that you think of from morning until night, and your character is domestic enough for a Martha! Pity you weren't a woman.'"

Her husband's pale face flushed a little at her sarcastic tone, but his firm lips closed a trifle more firmly and he took up his book again without replying.

"Always reading and studying," continued madam, in a fretful voice. "I hate the very sight of a book, and Heaven only knows what ever you for me the unenviable love of a book-worm. It was not my beauty did it, certainly, for you never notice when I am dressed nor what I wear."

"No, it was not your beauty, Kathie," answered Norman, in a gentler tone. "It was the innocent, unspoiled heart of the country girl that I loved. We were very happy those first days of our marriage before Mrs. Stuyvesant at once. Bachelors' feet and opens until some times fancy I have buried the bride I loved and have married in her stead the beautiful butterfly of fashion I see to-night."

She was about to retort when the nursery maid entered, and she remembered in time that family quarrels are in very poor taste, especially in the presence of long-eared servants.

"Finette, I will stop in when I get home and see how baby feels toward morning. If he shows any signs of croup send for Dr. Bennett at once. Bachelors' feet and opens until some of nine every hour until he gets in a perspiration. Good-night, my precursors."

She stooped and left a cold kiss upon the hot forehead, drawing back from the bed as the baby's fingers clutched at her handsome dress to detain her.

"Don't, Clare, you'll soil my dress!"

Then, with a few more directions to the maid, she fancied her duties of mother had been performed, and sailed off to enjoy herself!

Left, in the triumph of her belittling, with Col. Stuyvesant, a noted lady-killer, whispering flattery in her ear she danced and flirted and ceased to remember the flushed baby-face at home.

"What a happy, proud man your husband must be, Mrs. Harmon," whispered her adorer, during a pause in the Lancers. "We poor bachelors sigh in vain for the bliss of Benedicts!"

"You might easily change your condition, colonel," laughed Katherine, with a dangerously sweet smile up at the *blase* face bending with such unusual ardor down to hers. "Any young lady would be proud to number you among her followers."

"Yes, but strangely enough these milk and water young ladies are not to my taste. Heaven defend me from the whole giggling set of just-out-of-school misses with their clatter of beaus and flounces! They always smell of bread and butter, Mrs. Harmon, and men of my stamp prefer more mature beauty. Give me the ripe peach in preference to the green fruit! There is but one woman in the world who could mold me to her will and lead me into even crime itself."

She was startled by his passionately earnest words, and just then Norman's truthful gray eyes floated between her and the black, flashing orbs trying to search hers as he swung her back to her place.

His flattery and devotion pleased her self-love, but she declared to herself with a blush for her folly that her "flirtation" was becoming dangerously fascinating. She decided that her amusement should stop here. Little did she dream of the power of the fire she had been kindling in this man's heart.

She withdrew her hand with a scornful gesture, and tried to crush him with freezing *haine*, but Col. Stuyvesant was well versed in the lore of women's hearts, and was man enough of the world to interpret aright her sudden change of manner.

He looked sad and reproachful as he released her to another partner, but there was a glitter of triumph in the dark eyes and a half-contemptuous, amused smile playing around the corners of his handsome mouth as he turned away.

"A little goose," stroking his waxed moustache, "she thinks to blind me with her suddenly-remembered prudery. It is a pity women will continue to try these silly deceptions. They should know by this time that they fight to a great disadvantage with men in a tournament of the grand passion. We of the sterner sex enter the fray with visors down, but they sit unmasked in the broad light of day and wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to pick at. Ah, charming Mrs. Harmon, you can be as cold as you like, but you will learn, ere I leave you, that you can not handle pitch and not be defiled. You have played with me until I have become troublesome, and now forsooth you would cast me off as you might a last year's bonnet. You can control your own outward manner, but the last act of your amusing comedy may be tragedy! You love me, Katherine

Harmon, and I am not the man to give up so exciting a chase for a few silly scruples."

Perhaps if Mrs. Harmon had guessed his thoughts she would not have been so tenderly gracious as he joined her after supper.

"Why have you been so cruel all this evening, *cara mia*? I have only danced once with you, and you have scarcely deigned to give me a glance."

Her cheeks flushed at his lover-like tone, and she had the grace to be shocked a little as she remembered her husband and little child at home.

"Really, Col. Stuyvesant, I am unaware that my manner has changed toward you. We have always been good friends, and I have no reason at present to withdraw my friendship."

"You intimate by that, Mrs. Harmon, that you may withdraw the light of your smiles from me in the future? Katherine," taking her hand in his and reading aright the feverish, hunted light in her eyes, and the trembling of the proud mouth, "Katherine, you know beforehand what I can not help telling you to-night. You know we are twin souls, what fatalists call *meubles*; each other, and neither of us, struggle as we may, can avoid a destiny that has thrown and bound us together. We must be friends, surely the most prudent wife would allow that, and our friendship will harm no one, neither yourself nor your prigg of a lord. You can not escape me, for I will follow, in spite of remonstrances, to the ends of the earth. Can we not be happy as friends, Katherine?"

She saw through this flimsy offer of friendship, and, as he bent and kissed her hand, "to seal the compact of Platonic affection," he said, "shrunk away with sudden terror and self-loathing. Perhaps these feelings might have been powerful enough to save her, but Heaven mercifully sent a stronger aid to her weakness.

Her cousin stood in the doorway of the conservatory.

"Katherine, your maid is down-stairs for you. Norman says to come home at once."

The sudden and peremptory message so unlike Norman, stupefied her, and she failed to notice the colonel's cynical sneer.

"And so Monsieur the Turk has ordered madame home? I should think the beauty would pant to throw off the yoke of the *bete noir*. But I suppose you must obey the master you have chosen. Will it always be so, Katherine?"

She scarcely heard him, and pushed him from her as he advanced to take her shawl.

"I need no assistance, Col. Stuyvesant. Charlie will see me to my carriage."

He paid no attention whatever to her words, wrapped her handsome *burnous* around her shoulders, accompanied her down the stairs and opened her carriage door. Finette blurted out, before she was seated:

"Ah, madame, *et enfant* is ver' ill. Monsieur, poor man, is distracted, raving and tearing like mad! Monsieur, the doctor, say he may not live till ze morning."

Katherine's heart awoke, and the maternal part of her nature stung her with sudden remorse. The colonel watched her curiously as she sunk back in the cushions, white as the dazzling silk she wore.

"Madam has a love for monsieur's child then it seems," he mused, lighting a cigar, ere he entered a billiard saloon around the corner.

"That interferes with my plans a little. But the child may die, and, if not, you are not the adept I think you, Grey Stuyvesant, if you can not surmount such a difficulty and win a woman's love from her sickly baby?"

As Katherine entered the nursery she needed but one glance at her husband's bowed form to tell her the truth, even had she failed to read it in the tiny form lying so still and white in its little crib. She bent over the baby face, then a shower of tears fell from her burning eyes.

"It was all I had. Baby could have saved me from him! Now, which way shall I turn?"

She did not seem to remember that her place was beside her husband; that the blow had fallen as heavily upon him as upon her, and that it was her blessed privilege to whisper words of consolation, and to beseech the heart-broken man to look upward to Him who giveth and taketh away in His own good time.

She had little thought of her husband in that hour of her sorrow. She was selfish in her grief, as in all else.

Her child was dead! That was her only cry and thought as she sobbed away the long hours of the morning.

Six months later Katherine Harmon is again the center of a group of admirers at a society reunion. "She had but lost an infant, and a longer time of mourning would be absurd," she assured her grave husband, so he said nothing, though long Sabbath afternoons spent by him beside the little mound in the cemetery told that the loss could not so easily be made up to him.

His wife's grief had not served to better her nature. A certain defiant feverish brilliancy was noticeable in her manner during the days of her husband's presence and an inordinate, passionate love of dress and show.

One day, when Mrs. Harmon's last purchase, a heavy camel's hair shawl, came home, with the bill, Norman ventured to remonstrate.

"Really, Kathie, this is getting beyond my means! I hate to restrict you, but the money market is terribly cramped at present, and I fear some of my notes will come back protested. We will have to economize in some way, I fear."

She laughed, a hard, disagreeable laugh he had grown to dread when coupled with some sarcastic remark.

"Economize, indeed! I hate the very sound of the word. Why can't you get rich as other men do? Smart business man you must be! I am tired of always scrimping and saving. Look at Mr. Maddon and Col. Stuyvesant, they are rich. Why don't you buy up real estate, speculate, or something?"

Norman smiled a little at this very woman-like question.

"Why, Kathie, you surely would not have me imitate the gentlemen you have just named? Mr. Maddon is nothing but a curst stone broker, not noted for over-scrupulousness; and Col. Stuyvesant is a celebrated stock gambler. If his thefts weren't done by the wholesale, he would have been lodged in jail long ago."

"I don't care how it is done," pouted his wife. "A person isn't expected to be honorable in business nowadays. For my part I detest such tight-laced notions. If a man is so overnice, he'll die in the poor-house and leave his family penniless!"

There passed over her husband's brow a troubled, anxious frown, very often seen there of late if she had but cared to notice it; but he made no reply, arose from the breakfast-table and left the house.

That evening Col. Stuyvesant, at Mrs. Willard's ball, stood in his accustomed place beside Mrs. Harmon's chair. His glance wandered from time to time, however, across the room, and she, with a petulant gesture, showed that she noticed it.

"Col. Stuyvesant seems stricken with sudden admiration for that lady opposite. What may the fair Juliet's name be?"

She feigned indifference, but he detected the little ring of annoyance in her voice.

"She of the blonde ringlets? Oh, that is the

beauty from Philadelphia, Miss Blanche Rivers. She adds a golden purse to her golden hair, so, of course, the youth of this place are ready to fall down and worship at her shrine."

"Do you number yourself in that list, colonel? I notice you men always do rave about the newest sensation. God pity us women after the charm of novelty deserts us!"

There was the least bit of weariness and heart-sickness in her tone, but the colonel answered, carelessly enough:

"Oh, I am too old a man to follow after the blonde ringlet style. Save a few society remarks, I have scarcely exchanged two words with Miss Rivers."

She breathed a little more freely after that.

"How becoming that point face is to her fair complexion," murmured the colonel. "Ah, Mrs. Harmon, you should wear such a dress. What an *hour* you would be, *ma belle*, with its cobweb texture over your perfect neck and arms. Why do you wear dark colors to-night?"

"Why, indeed? Because she had worn her evening silks until she had declared, in a pet, that she would never be seen in any of them again!"

She did not tell the man

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
Two copies, one year \$2.00
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date desired.

For all communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 96 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

AN AUTHOR SPEAKS.

To save further annoyance by different publishers requesting me to write for them, I would here say that I am engaged exclusively to MESSRS. BEADLE AND ADAMS for a term of years. All stories appearing under my name in other weeklies than the "SATURDAY JOURNAL" are stories written before my engagement with BEADLE AND ADAMS, which commenced early in 1872.

OLL COOMES.

June 9th, 1873.

OLL COOMES' New Romance! To Commence Next Week, DASHING DICK; OR, Trapper Tom's Castle. A STORY OF CLEAR LAKE.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," "DEATH-NOTCH," "THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

A story embodying so much adventure, such odd and peculiar situations, a mystery so singular, and characters so lifelike and "telling," that readers will peruse it with the liveliest zest.

Trapper Tom is a real Wood and Water Hero; the orphaned maid and avenger, Pauline Winslow; the Forest Terror, Red Falcon and his Sioux; Dashing Dick, the Spy, Lover, Rash Adventurer, and something else; the young exiled chief and his devoted squaw, Princess Oolookah; the Settlers; the Mysterious Castle in the lake, and its more mysterious inhabitants—all are involved in a series of events very

Startling, Strange and Exciting!

OLL COOMES, in his later efforts, seems to grow away from his competitors in the field of forest and settlement life; hence his amazing popularity. That he writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and has written for no other paper for more than a year, his "Card" to Publishers and Readers (above given) is ample evidence.

Our Arm-Chair.

The following article we find in ROWELL'S American Newspaper Reporter. It is one of those just recognitions of BEADLE'S DIME PUBLICATIONS which deserves a wide currency in order to undeceive those who do not discriminate between the good and the worthless when speaking or writing of cheap popular books. The Reporter, a very influential representative weekly, has our thanks for its considerate notice:

DIME BOOKS.

"It has been a habit to speak slightly, as a whole, of 'Dime Books.' No discrimination is made between those which are good in tone and those which are merely sensational. Yet nothing could be more unjust than to rank careful and conscientious publishers with those who are unscrupulous.

"How many of the publishers of ten-cent literature may print injurious matter, we do not know, but we know one firm, the only publishers of the 'Dime' books who are careful and particular in the quality of the matter they print as any publishers can be. Such a fact should be understood, if we value the advantage of saving good literature to those who must have it at low prices.

"Dime Books" were copyrighted many years ago by Beadle and Adams. The books were well chosen and met with great success as to call forth many imitators, who used all sorts of names in order to compete with the original firm, and in many instances put forth all sorts of matter, until at last those who could not discriminate, classed all alike.

"We find however that the Beadle Dime Books are excellent in moral tone and do not pander at all to a sensational or vicious literature. Their list of regular writers, indeed, proves this; for such authors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, A. J. H. Duganne, John Neal, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Dennison, Edward S. Ellis, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Oakes Smith, etc., do not write impure or sensational books.

"The Beadle Dime books cover a wide range of text and hand-books for homes, schools, young people, games, etc., the Dime Novels being only one branch of the Dime Publications. Each and all of the issues are not only prepared by unexceptionable authors but are edited with extreme care in order that every volume bearing their imprint may reach the required standard of excellence, and we can truly affirm that no home or fire-side or single reader need be ashamed to patronize those publications.

"We write this in justice to the Dime Books, the BEADLE DIME BOOKS; and suggest this, in speaking of cheap publications, a discrimination be made between the worthy and unworthy of the books sold at Ten Cents each."

Chat.—We have to announce another "New Departure." This time it is our contributor, Albert W. Aiken, who has stepped into the charmed circle of the wedded. His bride is Miss Mary A. Crawford, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas P. Crawford, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He has but followed our advice. Achin! to do what was good to be done, and a kin to what was better, Aiken has the best of the world, now.

A friend who says he has observed that many liquor-drinkers live to good old ages, asks why, if drinking spirits is injurious, all drinkers do not die early? The liquor-drinker like all other men dies when his time comes, but that his time comes all the sooner for his fast life and fierce use of his body is as plain as that a stove will burn out all the sooner for too much heat. A modern physiologist writes:

"There is a literal significance to the term 'fast man,' who lives fast and dies early. The strain on the whole animal system by the enormous increase of its central activity is terribly injurious. The flush upon the face of the drinker, is but a faint indication of the unnatural heat that inflames the internal organs, even when pure alcoholic liquors are used. How much more dangerous,

then, are the additional poisons which modern science has so freely and so largely introduced into the liquor manufactory? Pure liquors are scarce, and at the best are bad. Impure liquors are more and more plentiful. The only safety from both is total abstinence."

Which is not only good physiological sense but good common sense. He is the wisest man who lets liquor wholly alone.

A correspondent who is afflicted with stuttering, and desponds of a cure, writes to us for advice. The treatment now pursued by Dr. Chervin—known as Chervin's system—in Paris, is accomplishing wonders, proving that stuttering is but a vicious habit which can be broken. The cures effected by the Frenchman are of all ages and conditions of stammerers, and, what is singular, the time occupied in breaking up the habit is only three weeks! The mode of treatment is as follows: The patient is taught, by means of a large number of exercises, to pronounce with distinctness vowels, consonants, syllables and sentences. Great attention is paid to the regulating of the act of inspiration. A slow but normal inspiration is taken at certain intervals, and this is succeeded by an even, continuous and loud expiration, during which pronunciation is effected. Twenty days are devoted to the treatment, the time being divided into three periods: one of silence, to break up the old habit; one in which the patient is taught to speak slowly and deliberately; and a third, wherein he acquires the practice of speaking fluently, and without clipping his words. So, stammerers need not despair. Indeed, the cure lies within their easy reach, and if they do not break the defect it is their own fault, solely.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

HERE is that singular being, Eve, actually going in for children's rights, and, no doubt, causing the readers of this essay to wonder what she is doing it for. Well, I will tell you. I've seen a great deal as to how the rising generation have been treated, and as no one, to my knowledge, has yet come forward in their behalf, I take my pen in hand, and intend doing it myself.

In the first place, I think it is all a mistaken notion to imagine that the reading of horrible ghost stories is beneficial to the little ones. Childhood looks on all things as realities; it can not detect the sham from the real. Unless you undeceive the little ones, and tell them that what you have been reading is merely a story and has no truth to it, you'll find them growing up into nervous men and women, who will be in one continual fright, and start at the least sound they hear.

Read to them bright and cheerful stories—stories that will bring them sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. Poor little darlings! they'll have enough real trouble when they come to battle with life, without our condemning them to listen to tales of horror and fictitious sufferings.

Even some of our Sunday-school literature is rather mawkish reading, for the bad children are too bad, and the good ones unnaturally good. I don't blame that little fellow one bit, who said he "didn't want to be a good boy, 'cause all the good boys in the Sunday-school books died before they grew up."

And we don't do enough to make the hearts of the little ones beat with joy. Now, we all know very well that it does not take much to please children. If you can't do better, send them a juvenile paper and write their name on the wrapper. Oh, it will gratify them so much to have a paper directed to them.

It won't harm us, old as we are, to imagine ourselves juveniles once more, and think how we would like to be treated and served; then we must do exactly as we would wish to be done by.

No, I don't believe in this continual fault-finding and fretting about the children. Don't crush all the life and buoyancy out of them. Praise them, cheer them, and let them see that you love them, and enter into their troubles and joys.

For they do have their troubles, just as we older folks do. A cut finger to them is quite as hard to bear as the thousand and one complaints to which we are subjected; so don't call their grievances trifles, and feel vexed when they are hurt because they can not help crying from pain. They have not become so used to the buffets of the world as we have, and can not bear as much suffering.

Don't knock about the little waifs in the street who beg of you a few pennies. Ten times out of every eleven they are not to blame for their poverty; they are working for others, and if those others are unworthy of our charity, and we withhold our aid, the little waif has to be punished because he has not brought home as much money as was expected. Give your pennies to the child. It will, perhaps, save it many a severe beating. That is my idea on that subject.

Children are so vain when they get any thing new to wear, you say. Well, are not grown up folks even more so? I've seen Little Tots just "tickled to death" with a pair of new boots, and couldn't keep her eyes off them, and I have noticed Miss Priddle almost beside herself the first time she put on her new bonnet that had come "direct from Paris," and if I was taken up and had to take my oath before a judge as to which possessed the greatest amount of vanity, my decision would be—would be—well, it wouldn't be the child, anyhow.

We were all children once, and we should not forget that others are in the same stage we were some time ago; but if you are so engrossed with yourself and bestow no thought or care on the little ones, I should give you a "wide berth." I've no wish to vote, but I'll vote for children's rights by word and deed, if not by ballot.

EVE LAWLESS.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is a duty we owe, not to ourselves alone, but to mankind in general, and we shall the more surely win our way through the world by making use of it on all occasions. It is so easy to be polite that the great wonder is we are not all so. The polite person is much respected, and will gain for himself more true friends than he would were he boorish and impolite.

A polite person is known as soon as he enters the house, for he will remove his hat at once, and never place it on his head until he leaves the domicile.

If you have hobbies or foibles, a polite person will bear with them and not make sport of them. If you are nearsighted, or your hearing is imperfect, he will not ridicule your infirmities, but will bear with them as patiently as it is in his power to do.

A polite person will never comment upon your personal appearance, nor upon what you may chance to wear, let it be ever so peculiar. His politeness leads him to serve others who are needy in a gentlemanly manner without ever giving offense or being thought presumptuous.

A polite person can never be rude, for 'tis not in his nature to be so. It is his care never to offend, to treat all gently and humanely, be they in a high or low station. He will as soon be willing to pick up an apple that drops from a huckster's basket, as he will the daintiest of

kid gloves that may fall from the hand of the heiress.

No matter how busy he may be when we call upon him, he will never show us, by a cross look, that we are unwelcome at that particular time, or that it is best we should make our visits as short as possible—he will appear glad to see us, even if he is not so in reality.

He gives us up his best seat in the cars, and will not have the window open if he thinks it is disagreeable to us. Such an individual is a companion well worth the having.

When politeness is so much appreciated and admired, why are we not a polite set of people? If we do not endeavor to cultivate that good quality, we must not expect to be tolerated in good society, and must not take it hard if we are reckoned among the bores and bores. A person's life is much happier, and his way more pleasant through life for being polite.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

My Romance.

No romance since the days of Robinson Crusoe was ever so eagerly looked for as my first one, entitled "Eon," or "Misfortunes of a Drug Clerk." It was full of the most humorous pathos and the most pathetic humor, and it took over six hundred pages to hold it, and then the pressure was so great that I was very much afraid I would have to have the book bound in iron and well riveted.

Tears boiled out of the book on all sides, and kept it perfectly damp, until the most sunny smiles got a chance to break out, and then the general dampness would dry up.

It was considered the most wonderful book ever printed, and could be read upside down as well as downwards, or sideways, or any other way; or you could begin backward and read forward with ease without reversing the reverse of the characters; and the dialogues were all written in the peculiar tone of voice of each person. The sighs which the book contained were all true to life and well calculated to thrill the conscious heart of the most stoical cabbage, and bring tears to the eyes of the driest needles. The groans in the volume were considered to be great masterpieces and full of force; some of those groans covered a whole page, and at the place where the hero evaporates a bottle of emetic by mistake, the groans fill two pages 16mo.

The descriptions of the endless mistakes he made in giving out the wrong medicines were so powerfully written that the reader was irresistibly drawn into sympathy for him and felt grateful that he made such mistakes.

It is almost needless to say that the emperor of Russia bought the whole of the first edition for his own use. He is a great reader, and when he read one copy he would lay it aside and take up another until he had exhausted the whole edition, and then he was sorry there wasn't more.

The London Times did me and the book the honor to say that there was as much force and expression in the blank fly-leaves of that book as there was in the printed pages; which speaks very well for the fly-leaves. The very word "finis" on the last page was delightful, and as the Times affirmed, the reader often skipped the other portions of the book just to read and enjoy that word, it was so powerful.

The satirical portions of the romance were such good hits on the mean character of everybody's next door neighbor that the book had such an immense circulation that it was a hard matter to keep the accounts square.

Where the hero was lifted out of the front door of his girl's home by her father and the affectionate end of his book, was one of the most stunning passages (of the door) in the whole realm of literature.

The "Midnight Review" said: "This book places Mr. Whitehorn high upon the novel list as a novelist. The plot is woven with as much dexterity as a new rag carpet, and proves the author to be a good weaver. The king of Dahomey, monarch that he is, could not have written such a story. Mr. Whitehorn says in his preface that he wrote it with a dictionary in one hand, a spelling book in the other, and his pen between his teeth with a tub full of ink sitting close by. It is one of the finest novels that was ever put out of any house. The characters are all drawn with a windlass, and the worst of them are good, and some of them can even spell and write; this gives the book a highly intellectual tone. By the bursting of a retort the hero went in about four hundred and fifty or fifty-one different directions, with an upward tendency; this accident happened to spoil the story, but in the nineteenth chapter he comes walking in upon the scene and crutches, having recovered—every thing except his appetite and \$20,000 damages. How he did it the author has kept a profound secret, not wishing to disclose too much in one book."

People who began the novel never could rest until they got through it, for it was powerful even from the title page, which brought tears to the eyes, and people who could not read a line by merely looking into the book were so affected that they were completely overcome and never could account for it.

The characters were so powerfully cast, some of them were cast down, and some of them cast up, and some were cast out, and all of them were castors with from one to four bottles in; and some had hearts of cast steel, and the religious part of them were highly moral.

By an accident the first five or six chapters of the novel got placed in the back of the book, but, instead of being a defect, it made it so unique that I thought best not to change it.

Physicians prescribed that book in severe cases of convulsions—the patient to read it carefully while in that state—and recommended persons who were drowning to pause before they went down the third time and read it, as there would be ample time then for help to come.

Scattered all through the romance between each chapter, as a kind of relief, I inserted the multiplication table, new recipes in cookery, art of eating onions without tears, rules on behavior; tables of interest, tables of distances; rates of life insurance, and other things of a light and entertaining nature for sake of variety.

All of these books have long been read to pieces except one which I keep, and eyes have traversed its pages so often that they have worn all the letters off.

It was a great book.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Our Omnibus.

Our traveled contributor—who is now, we believe, somewhere up in the region of the North Pole (for what reason the following "psalm of life" may possibly explain) indites this sad threnody, which comes like a wail from the tow-path:

BEEN AND GONE AND DONE IT.
She's been and gone and done it, yes!
I tellers said she would;
She couldn't help it if she'd tried;
And wouldn't if she'd could.

I seed it breedin' all the time,
In spite of all yer said—
Well! no, we know it ain't no crime—
Folks got it up instead.

What made me most provokin' mad,
Afore I'd time to blow,
He shook my hand, and called me Dad,
And Mattie said, "That's so!"

And then the vixen ketched my ha'r,
And kissed me in the face,
And mauled me fore that feller thar;
How?—made her keep her place?

It can't be did—there ain't no show—
Too spoony, yer believe?
Well—guess yer right—she kissed me so,
It made me—I'd to leave.

It can't be helped, ole 'oman! well!
I guess we'll let it go,
Here comes the feller—now do tell!
Awshillin'! "Not for Joe."

DE-KAL.

"Absurd," "ridiculous," "outrageous," are terms bestowed upon our street-talk; but, after all, that talk is very expressive in its very absurdity, as for instance:

"SLANG."

Several evenings since we were taking an evening stroll, when we happened to meet a young lady of our acquaintance. We saw her safely inside of a horse-car, and then continued our stroll.

The next morning we met her again, and stepping up, and doffing our hat, we asked: "Did you get home safely, last night?" Looking at us with a merry twinkle in her bright eyes, she softly answered:

"You bet!"

We stood for a moment, astonished; then went our way, thinking: "What would Dr. Johnson say?"

The next evening we took another stroll, and met a young man who seemed to be in much haste. Becoming interested, we followed in his wake. As he abruptly turned a corner, he was met by another young man.

"How are you, 'old buffer'?" asked the chap we were following.

"Serene!" answered the other. "How does your 'corporosity segallate'?"

"Hunkidory!" was the answer; and they parted.

"What is the world coming to?" we thought. Here another young man came rushing up the street.

"What's your hurry?" asked we.

"I'm going to the 'hasz foundry' to get some 'grub,' and on he hurried.

This seemed a good corner for slang, so we tarried to see what else might occur for our edification and entertainment.

Presently another came up the street. He also was met at the corner by another chap.

"What do you think of them 'crafts'?" asked one, pointing at two young ladies, with huge panniers.

"They've got too much 'top-sail' and too much rudder," was the answer.

Another young lady came tripping down.

"What do you make her out?" was the second query.

"Well, she's a 'pretty-built craft,' but she's got on 'too much steam.'"

They parted, and again left alone with our thoughts, we took out our diary to "make a note of it," when another of our acquaintances came up.

"What are you doing now?" we asked.

"Fishing for ducks."

That night, when we went to sleep, we had dreams of "hash foundries," "old buffers," and "ducks."

JIMMIE JINGLE.

An attentive reader, running over the earlier numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, lets his "fancy free" run riot in this fashion:

\$50,000 REWARD

Are offered for the apprehension of the notorious "Red Rajah," the man with the "Heart of Fire," who stole the "Ebon Mask" from the "Banker's Ward." The "Masked Miner" with the "Scarlet Hand" started in pursuit of him. On the road he met "Wild Nathan," who told him that "Red Rajah" had embarked on the "Ocean Gin" in search of the "Phantom Princess," who was "Out in the World" traveling with the "White Witch." Hearing this, the "Masked Miner" returned and told to "Duke White," who in return told him about "Madeleine's Marriage" with "Overland Kit," the man who committed to prison, "Without Mercy," "Ludwig, the Wolf," for stealing the "Black Crescent" from "Bessie Raynor," and that "Royal Keene, the California Detective," found out that "Hercules, the Hunchback," had it in his possession, so he took it and returned it to its owner. After this, the "Masked Miner" went to his home, where he found "Old Grizzly" and "Hawkeye Harry" and the "Mustangers" playing cards, with the "Ace of Spades" for trump. On entering, "Hawkeye Harry" asked him if he had heard about "Orphan Nell" being Tracked to Death" by "Wolf Demon" for letting herself be "Oath Bound" by the "Boy Clown" not to tell the "College Rivals" "Adria's" "Dark Secret," to which the "Masked Miner" replied that he had, and that "Wolf Demon" had been caught "In the Web" by the "Red Mazaappa," and that he had been turned over to the "Avenging Angels."

N. B.—To be continued.

A poet not unknown to fame throws this rhythmical brickbat after poor dead Dolly V.:

D. V.

BY RAP HAZARD.

Mr. Editor, refrain
From prevarication,
And, I beg, to me explain
The abbreviation—

"D. V." Sir, (the question pardon)
Does it stand for Dolly Varden?

Thus announced the Reverend B.,
After prayers repeating:
"Tuesday evening next, D. V.,
There will be a meeting
At the house of Mrs. Arden."
Must we wear a Dolly Varden?

Questioned I of Victor, (for
He has been to college),
"Sir," said he, "there's no such lore
In my box of knowledge.
I opine you've took it a hard 'n'—
Pr'aps, my dear, it's Dolly Varden."

Mr. Editor, don't "chaff"
Like that silly fellow—
He affects to me to laugh—
"This because he's shallow—
Tell me, sir, your secret word on,
Is it really Dolly Varden?"

Mr. Aiken's Last and Best!

We have anticipated, with much interest, the completion of a novel upon which MR. AIKEN has for some time been engaged. Its earlier chapters were so original in field, character and story, that we followed the work with no small anxiety to know just how the versatile author would maintain the story's somewhat remarkable personality, and the ingenuity of its plot. All the MS. being now in hand we have to say that we regard it as, in many respects, the most thoroughly American novel we ever read; and so distinctive in its merits as a story is it that we think there is no hazard in saying it will be the most popular and the best read serial that has been given to the public in the past ten years!

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared to post—No MSS. prepared for future dates. Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as copy; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection, by no means implies a want of merit. May MSS. unsuitable to be well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find an ever ready to give their offerings only attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

No MS. reports this week.
W. J. S. Your favor reading, but not at the expense of the health. If you are "stoop-shouldered" always avoid sitting in a stooping position. A pair of shoulder-braces (only moderately tight) will assist you. Let your employment be such as will permit you to keep erect. You may read too much; but, after all, it is not so much the reading as the position you assume that is injurious.

X. Y. Z., Iowa. Your course is plain enough, it seems to us. If your mother's dislike of the young man has no foundation, why bear with it, and if the young man really loves you he will have patience and tact enough to overcome her prejudice. If he is not patient, and is censorious, it is a sign that his love for you can not stand the test of a strain; and such love a girl can not lean upon. So act discreetly and let matters work their own course.

J. K. P. H. Mr. Frederick Whitaker has written the following Dime Novels, viz.: Jaguar Queen, 267; Sea King, 274; Boone, the Hunter, 278; Ruby Roland, 283; Snowy Sachem, 289; White Star, 291; Red Prince, 295; Mustang Hunters, 296; Grizzly Hunters, 299; Black Wizard, 283.—The MS. referred to, by yourself, will appear soon.

BASEBALLERS. There is no cure for blushing and bashfulness in company but self-possession, and this is only acquired by constant trial. Go into company when you can; never stay away from a party, sociable or a call because of your bashfulness; but go right ahead and some day, to your amazement, your diffidence and blushes will disappear. Blushing is not harmful; it is, on the contrary, the sure sign of a sensitive heart. So don't be ashamed of the failing, if such you regard it.

Miss P. R. Small-pox "pits" will only wear away with time. If you were young when you were pitted the marks may, possibly, disappear, but never can be wholly eradicated. They are serious blemishes to beauty, that is true, but, if you can not be rid of them, why, be cheerful and as brightly with them as an independent, sensible girl ought to be.

ELLA C. We certainly see no great "disparity of ages" between yourself and your intended. You are seventeen and he is thirty-two. As both are in the very prime of life, and, possibly, no disparity. Girls have queer ideas about the fitness of things, sometimes. Why a man at thirty-two is far wiser and more trustworthy than a man at twenty-two, for the good reason that he has had *experience*, is a thing that the young lady, many men have never shown their true natures until they were tried and tested in the world's crucible thousands of personal histories testify to. No, dear young lady, do not gratulate yourself on the conquest of a man of his age, habits and tastes!

PETER LANE. You are mistaken in the supposition that Great Britain is as large as the New England States. England contains 50,829 square miles; Wales, 7,238 square miles; Scotland, 29,417 square miles; Ireland, 32,513 square miles; Pennsylvania, 46,000 square miles.

ANSON G. We are told by a coast of Dr. Brown-Squard that to stop up all the pores of the skin (as by a coat of varnish, for instance) would soon produce death. Many cases are cited of this fact. On the occasion of Pope Leo XIII's accession to the papacy, a young man desired to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and a child in Florence was covered all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. When the fur was removed, the body was found to be covered with a solution of India rubber in naphtha, the animal has ceased to breathe in a couple of hours. The laws of health demand, rigidly, that the pores of the skin be kept open and free to act; hence cleanliness of person is very essential.

YOUNG SCOTCHMAN. Northern Europe is habitable in the high latitudes because of the great heat which the sun envelop their shores. The revolution of the earth on its axis, fortunately for Great Britain, gives those islands what would otherwise be a north wind current an easterly bias, and thus it impinges against British shores, warming the waters, and the atmosphere resting on them to a considerable degree. To this agent, more than any thing else, is owing the genial climate of the south and west of England and the west of Ireland, where its influence is most forcibly felt. To it, also, is due the fact that Liverpool, although (situated in water) on the crutch of a cold wind, is so warm. The pores of the skin, with early than St. John's, Newfoundland, has always the Mersey open, while the latter ice-anticipate port is blocked up with ice nearly six weeks.

TRYSTING MEMORIES.

BY EREN D. HENFORD.

We walked along the silver shore,
And talked as lovers will,
And watched the moon far up the sky
Her shining treasures spill.
Ah, gone those twilight hours we knew,
Beside the murmuring sea,
When love was young and hearts were true—
Gone evermore from me!

Come out into the vanished years;
Departed like a smile,
Hid by a rain of bitter tears
Of grief but not of guile.
Come out of life like some sweet bloom
That perished in the fall,
But left a fragrance o'er its tomb
Exquisite to recall.

Now on the level of the beach
I stand, but am alone,
And backward into memory reach
To days forever flown.
In vain to wonder why it is
That joy is but for few;
In vain to sigh for vanished bliss,
And wish that hearts were true.

How sweet the memory of those eyes,
Beside the ocean's sea,
I see again the golden gleaves
Upon the upland lea.
I listen to the sea-gull's cry,
And hear the breakers' roar,
And see the moon slip down the sky,
And dream her here once more.

How like the eyes when, years ago,
We stood beneath the moon,
And watched the white sails come and go
In life's exquisite June!
But, where is she who walked with me,
And heard the ocean's hymn,
And saw the shadowy sail glide by
Along the horizon's rim?

Christabel.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

Six feet of indolent manhood disposed to advantage in a cushioned lounging-chair, waving chestnut hair, worn a trifle long, and hazel eyes, meditatively fixed upon the thin blue haze in which he had enveloped himself—that was Rube Montmorris. Varrel leaned against the carved mantel, slender, dark, jetty locks curling close to his temples, smooth face, and the blue expression habitual there lingering about eyes and lips. Very opposites in every way but one—they both loved Christabel.

Utter silence for ten minutes full. Varrel was studying furtively the lazy contour and magnificent proportions of the man who had been his friend and was now his rival; Rube, maintaining a gentle monotonous puffing, kept him surrounded by that hazy cloud, lost in some vague realms of his mind's creation.

A little start from Varrel, and a cessation of the whiffs from Rube's lips, evidenced that both had been brought out of their individual reflections by force of the same indirect interruption. It was Christabel singing in one of the rooms beyond, and neither of them lost a syllable of the clear, sweet voice:

"Allan-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home;
'Thou' the Castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall, quoth bold Allan, 'shows gallant still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale.

"And with all its bright spangles!" said Allan-a-Dale.
"The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laughed on the face with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-ale,
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-Dale."

The voice ceased. The scornful curl had left Varrel's lips, and the breath which had seemed to die there as he listened, came back in a deep inspiration. Glancing across he met Rube's calm gaze, and the unchanged expression of the blonde, bearded face.

"He might as well be carved out of stone," Varrel fumed to himself. "Can he love as I do? Every touch and tone of hers thrills me to the heart, while not one single note of hers arouses in that statue of ice. And yet I know that inscrutable face hides depths of feeling I am not allowed to probe; and it is a face, too, that will win its way to a woman's fancy at the very start."

His thoughts went back to a time before this rivalry came between them. They had been summering together in a very primitive fashion up among the fragrant Maine pinelands. They, too, had occupied a little rude hut which was redeemed to them from many discomforts by its picturesque appearance. There they lounged, and smoked and dreamed day-dreams in their hearts' content, not talking much of themselves, both enjoying the novelty of this comparatively silent companionship.

"Strange that we, so utterly different, should get on so well together," he had said after one of their quiet days.

"We both have our somber side, my dear fellow, and so we harmonize."

"You somber!" Varrel had ejaculated. "I thought that equable temperament wasn't affected by the mercurial fluctuations to which I plead guilty."

"Still waters," etc. Varrel, imagine the surface of this life-stream of ours covers objects unsightly as the 'vasty deep,' sometimes. I have lived down the best and worst of life, and I never stir up the dregs—I might discover some jewels there, but quite as apt to bring up ghastly skulls.

"So we'll bury the past in a still, kindly way, and the ghost-mem'ry's ghost—by its side we will lay."

It was the only glimpse Varrel had of the buried bitterness of the other's life, but he knew instinctively that it was there. He had lived down the best and the worst, Montmorris had said, believing it then himself; but that was before he knew Christabel and realized there was one greater bliss, one more intolerable agony, than he had suffered in that disturbed past of which his calm face never gave a token.

Varrel started from his position angrily as glancing up again he saw that Rube's eyes had closed, his head thrown back upon the cushions. The fallen lids raised with the other's movement, however, and he asked:

"Going, Varrel? Tramp off for a tramp presently; what do you say to keeping me company?"

"I'll have to refuse, I'm afraid. I've some important letters to write—not a time-worn plea, I assure you, Rube—though with my unsheltered south duty and this sun, nothing but the strictest sense of duty urges me to the task."

"Take mine then; it's deliciously frigid compared with the little bake-room you are stewed in. You'll find paper and the like in my writing-desk there."

That was how it chanced that temptation was put in Varrel's way. He had written his letters and sat idly after superscribing them, his eyes settled on a little tag of blue ribbon protruding over the edge of a closed drawer in the desk. It had a species of attraction for him; take his gaze away often as he might, it surely wandered back with an increase of his jealous speculation. Christabel had worn a blue ribbon like that in her glossy brown curls the very evening before—could this be the same? He had his faults—plenty of them—but he had never been guilty of a mean or underhand act. So he sat hesitating, noting that the little drawer closed with a spring only, until with a swift compression of his lips and hardening of his

face, he put out his hand to touch the fastening, and the tiny compartment opened.

A thin little packet lay there wrapped in satin paper, the blue ribbon knotted carelessly about it—not the one Christabel had worn, surely, for this was crushed and faded, that had been freshly bright. So much should have satisfied him, but almost before he knew it the little packet was in his hand undone. It was a photograph, a woman's face, having a bold beauty of its own, but with something repelling in its masculine type. A single line and an address were written on its back.

"This as a reminder that I live and wait,
Westchester, Md. CLAUDIA ST. MARK."

Varrel pondered over it long after the packet was replaced and he had left the room. Who was Claudia St. Mark, and for what that could concern Montmorris did she live and wait? The bold face as he had seen it pictured was in his mind as he walked in the twilight back and forth the length of the shadowed piazza. Lights sprung up within, and through the undraped windows he saw Christabel enter in evening dress of filmy white, shot with pink, seeming when she moved like a rosy cloud.

Montmorris, returning, caught sight of her, too, and paused in the doorway, the dust of the afternoon's tramp still upon him, his hands filled with late white violets nestled against myrtle leaves.

"Will you pardon my plight for the sake of my offering?" he asked, smiling. "I couldn't resist the temptation of putting it in your own hands."

He saw Christabel's face light and flush under those quiet hazel eyes, then tore himself away from the sight, to dash out into the garden-paths—solitary now.

"Whoever Claudia St. Mark may be, I will know before many days if she has any power to break that," he thought, and when Rube asked for him on the following morning he had already gone.

"I will wait until he comes again," Montmorris thought. "It is tempting madness to linger here in the face of what can never be—it is ungenerous and unworthy of my better mood to stand in Varrel's way. But it is doubly hard to know that Christabel might be mine if I were free to ask, yet give her up to any other."

An entire week dragged out its length—blissfully, painfully precious time—and then one day when Montmorris put another floral offering into Christabel's hand, it was with the announcement that this must be the last.

"Going to-morrow?" she repeated, looking up at him with, startled, beseeching eyes—a look which was hard to resist when his own heart was warring to the core over this parting.

He went down to the parlors later to find Varrel, who had returned during the day. Crossing the threshold, he stood still and his lips turned white at sight of a woman who was the center of a little circle gathered about her. The bold, handsome face turned toward him, then the original of that picture in the drawer above stairs rose smilingly and extended her hand.

"The pleasure of meeting Mr. Montmorris was not wholly unexpected by me," she said, in the gracious, silky tone he knew so well. He bowed over the white hand without touching it, and crossed to stand in one of the long, open windows, the voices and laughter in the room at his back sounding far away.

He thought first it was only the film come across his eyes left the sky and the bright outer world seeming so suddenly dark; but it was a swift cloud, the precursor of a summer thunderstorm, spreading itself from zenith to horizon. Some large drops fell, and recalled to himself by a vivid flash cutting the air before his sight, he turned to re-enter the room. The groups gathered there lately had dispersed, but standing before him, with her eyes fixed mockingly upon his face, was she who had called herself Claudia St. Mark. She had some fleecy knitting-work in her hands and clicked the bright steel needles as she waited for a second without speaking.

"What a greeting from you," she said, as he moved away a step or two. "I have come prepared to forgive and forget. How incredulous you look! Well then, because your obstinate old father is on his deathbed, and you will come into your own as soon as he is safely underground."

"Heaven pardon me for having defied him once," Rube answered, passionately. "You can expect to benefit by his death."

"My darling, it is what I have waited for since we parted in anger half a dozen years ago. I was disappointed then, you now, perhaps, but we will forget all that, and to-night you shall present me to—Christabel."

The bold, mocking face blanched as a fierce gust tore the shrubbery without, and she glanced that way to see the rain descending in torrents. He had not answered, but there was a white agony settled over his face, and he looked, not at her, but a slight form appearing under the arch of a doorway near—Christabel, who had heard, vaguely comprehending what it meant.

At the same instant the room was filled with a blinding glare, and a long, deep thunder-peal rocked the house to its strong foundations. He clasped his hands to his eyes involuntarily, and when he looked again it was to see Christabel kneeling by a prostrate form, the mocking smile stamped ineffaceably upon the lips, the bold eyes staring with the glaze of death within them. The lightning had done its work; and from the limp hands fell a shapeless bit of melted steel, the bright needle which had directed the shaft.

"That woman was my wife," Rube said, months afterward when he met Christabel again. "She'll tell you the story."

"Let her mortal rest—we should not recall bitterness against the dead. I am content in the happiness you have brought me."

There was one far from content at the union of those two—Varrel. Time and another fair face would reconcile him without a doubt.

The Mad Detective:

OR,
THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON,"
"OVERLAND RIF," "RED MAZEPRA," "ACE OF
SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES
OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.
ROSALINE'S SECRET.

Just about seven o'clock that evening O'Shane paid his promised visit to Rosaline.

The Irishman had not seen Blackie since his interview with the girl, and he was anxious to learn the result. Upon entering the room he judged at once from the serious expression upon the girl's face that something had occurred.

"Well, Rosie, dear, did ye have a pleasant chat wid the b'y?" O'Shane asked, seating himself unceremoniously in the rocking-chair and stretching out his long legs.

"Oh, yes," she replied, in a quiet, absent sort of way.

"And did ye part good friends?" There was quite an anxious tone in the Irishman's voice as he put the question.

The girl's proud lips curled in contempt; her quick ear had caught the tone, and she readily guessed the cause of O'Shane's anxiety.

"Yes, we parted good friends," she replied. "Do not be alarmed; he will marry the heiress, and you will get your hundred dollars. If by simply lifting up my finger I could stop the marriage, I would not do it."

"Oh! to the devil I'd pitch the dirty money!" exclaimed the Irishman, in supreme contempt. "I only axed for information. But, I say, Rosie, it's changed your mind ye have. Bedad, ye said before that you wouldn't give Blackie up."

"Did I?" said the girl, absently. "Of course you did."

"I've changed my mind then."

"And what's the reason?"

"A woman never has any reason," was the half-contemptuous response. "Haven't you lived long enough in the world to know that? We are simply creatures of impulse, and act on the spur of the moment."

"Yis, Rosie; but you are not a woman, ye know; it's an angel ye are," said the Irishman, gallantly.

Rosaline's only reply to the compliment was a scornful smile. She cared little for empty lip-service.

"I'm glad, though, that ye've made up your mind not to stand in the way of the wild devil's fortune," he said, reflectively. "Maybe, after he's married, he'll turn over a new leaf and become a decent fustian."

"I hope so," she remarked, dryly.

"Well, it's glad I am, anyway. But, I say, Rosie, sure ye've got another lover and ye don't need Blackie at all."

"I suppose you mean Mr. Van Tromp?"

"Yis; it's a foine young man he is now."

"Very rich, too, isn't he?" was asked, carelessly.

The Irishman caressed his glossy side-whiskers for a moment, apparently perplexed by the question.

"Sure, Rosie, I'll not deceive ye in the least," he blurted out, suddenly. "Devil a rap is Van Tromp worth. It's his cousin, the girl that Blackie is to marry, that's got all the money."

"I had a suspicion that he was not wealthy," she said, quietly. "To do him justice, he has never openly spoke of his wealth, but he has spoken in such a way as to lead one not acquainted with his affairs to believe that he was very well off."

"And now, me jewel, see what a friend I am to ye!" exclaimed O'Shane, pathetically, "for I'm going to tell you all about Mr. Van Tromp's little game—in regard to you."

"Sure he has made you his confidant, then?"

"Sure we're as thick as thieves!" protested O'Shane.

"As thieves?" and the girl laughed.

"Bad 'cess to me tongue!" cried O'Shane, in mock rage; "sure, I never open me mouth but I make a blunder."

"But, go on; tell me about this Mr. Van Tromp."

"Yis; well, then, he has been told that you are a wealthy heiress wid loads of money, and his idea is to marry you so as to help you take care of your fortune."

The girl smiled and appeared to be meditating over the information, but she did not seem in the least annoyed.

"See what I've saved you from, now!" O'Shane exclaimed, triumphantly. "Faix, ye might have married the deluding villain, thinking that he had a gold-mine to the fore."

"Oh, no," the girl rejoined, smilingly; "you are wrong there. I never had any intention of marrying Mr. Van Tromp, even if I had known him to be a millionaire. You ought to know the reason well enough. While a certain man lives on this earth I can not marry."

"Don't see why that should keep ye single," the Irishman remarked, thoughtfully. "Sure, he hasn't shown his face openly. He couldn't say anything ag'in' it, for, if he did, back he would go to where he was before. Bedad, I think that the law has freed you from his control intirely."

"The law may have done so, but my own heart hasn't," the young woman replied.

"And would you care a rap whether he liked it or not?" the Irishman demanded, in astonishment.

"Yes," she answered, firmly.

"Sure it's a quare craytur ye are, I'll go bail for that!" O'Shane exclaimed, evidently astonished.

"But, I say, Rosie, it's a riddle ye are, anyway."

"A riddle? I don't understand you now."

"I'll explain; ye was a wild-cat, like, in your excitement a while ago, when, like the blunderhead that I am, I let out that Blackie was to marry the heiress. Sure ye wanted to marry him yourself, and now ye say that while a certain blaggard lives ye won't and can't marry anybody. That's what I call a riddle now."

And the Irishman leaned back in his chair, caressed his chin and smiled beatingly.

"The consolation is easy," she replied, quietly. "For Blackie's sake, the man whom I really and truly loved, I would have dared every thing, open shame—the world's contempt—all, I would have braved for him. He, like myself, has been a football for fortune; has often felt the world's blows than its caresses; has seen more clouds than sunshine. I would have told him all, and in the shelter of his arms forgotten the misery that this unhappy man has cast ever upon my life; but, with Elbert Van Tromp see how different the case would be! He comes of an old New York family, and is as proud of his race and blood as a Spanish grandee. Think how he would have received the news that the loving and tender girl whom he had married was only—"

"Don't, Rosie—don't spake any more about it, me jewel!" cried O'Shane, quickly interrupting her. "Faix! when I look at ye, hear ye say such terrible things, and see yer eyes blaze and yer cheek whiten, it makes the blood run cold in me veins. Why the devil is it that a girl like ye, that's fit to be the wife of a prince or a king, maybe, should suffer the way ye have? Oh, Rosie, colleen, if I was only tin years younger and ye was tin years older, bedad, I'd make ye Mrs. Gorman O'Shane in a twinkling, provided that it was agreeable to ye!"

"Be content to be my friend, for you can not grow younger, although I can grow older," she said, extending her hand, the charming smile, which was so winning in its power, upon her face.

O'Shane took the slender white hand and kissed the fingers reverently.

"And now, Rosie, will ye tell me one thing?" he pleaded, in the persuasive, humble way so natural to him, gently stroking the slender fingers with his own tawny ones.

"What is it?" she asked. "I must know that first."

"Now don't be angry with me, but why is it, Rosie, dear, that ye let Blackie go?"

The girl remained silent for a few moments, apparently considering the question. At last she lifted her gaze from the floor to O'Shane's face and made reply:

"Why should I spoil his brilliant match with this wealthy girl because some years ago he was tender and I was foolish?" She spoke slowly but decidedly, and without a trace of agitation in her manner. Little wonder that

the keen-witted man of the world was deceived. Though an adventurer, whose motto was, "Each for himself and Satan for us all," yet he had seen in the course of his lifetime too many changes of fortune produced by love's strange caprices to doubt the existence of the passion.

She had not seen Blackie for years, and thought she still loved him; they met, and she discovered that the old-time "glamour" was wanting, and so readily resigned him.

"Faix!" exclaimed O'Shane, in admiration, "you're one woman picked out of tin thousand! But, Rosie, me jewel, I must bid you good-by, for it's up-town I'm going," and as he spoke, he rose to his feet. A sudden thought occurred to him. "Oh, by the way, Rosie, I forgot to ask ye," and then he lowered his voice mysteriously, "have ye seen any thing of that thafe of the world—ye know who I mane?"

The girl shook her head.

"I s'pose ye know that he escaped the other day?"

"Yes, I read the particulars in the newspaper."

"Phaps he manes to keep away and not bother you?" O'Shane suggested, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no," the girl said, sadly and thoughtfully; "the moment he gets in trouble he will send for me to get him out of it."

"And will ye do it?" the Irishman asked, curiously.

"Yes," was the firm response.

"And do ye love him still?"

"I owe him obedience, and while he lives I shall never forget nor neglect my duty," she answered, evading the question.

"Bedad, it will bring ye near to the gallows one of these days!" O'Shane exclaimed.

"The shadow of the rope may fall upon me and yet I shall not shrink."

Then O'Shane departed and Rosaline was left alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT LAST.

O'SHANE proceeded down-stairs into the street in quite a happy frame of mind. His step was lighter and more elastic than usual, and he switched the light cane in a very complacent manner against the leg of his pantaloons.

"By the powers, it's lucky I am!" he ejaculated, as he emerged from the hotel and halted for a moment upon the steps. "Sure, I feel as certain of that hundred dollars as if I held it now in me fist. It's nate and aisyly earned too. I thought that all the fat was in the fire, though, when she sent for Blackie."

As O'Shane walked on, sprightly and joyful, his hat set jauntily on one side of his head, as usual, his light cane tapping a tattoo on the pavement, and not an unpleasant thought in his mind, he happened to glance carelessly at a jeweler's window. As he turned his head for that purpose, his eyes, wandering a little to the rear, fell upon the well-known features of the man in gray, who was following him up the street, close at his heels.

O'Shane turned his head about to the front again as if he had been shot, and involuntarily his steps quickened; his hand clenched the cane and the scarlet hue of rage and astonishment came over his face.

"The dirty blaggard!" O'Shane muttered in anger, "it's foller! me ag'in he is. Bedad, I'll lade him over the town, bad 'cess to him!"

The angry Irishman stretched out his long legs and went on at a pace which attracted considerable attention from the passers-by.

For about four blocks O'Shane proceeded at a rate which would have won the heart of a professional trainer of a champion walker; then he ventured to look behind him, and to his utter astonishment, discovered that the man in gray was nowhere to be seen.

O'Shane stopped short when he made this discovery, and turning about, looked down the street, diligently followed from the time he was in the throng; but his search was fruitless; the man in gray had disappeared.

"It's walked away from the thafe of the world I have!" he ejaculated, in delight. "Faix! it wasn't for nothing that I was born wid long legs. A grayhound's a fool to me. It's walking for the champion's belt that I'll be, next."

And falling again into his easy, semi-military stride, O'Shane went on up the street. As it was quite early in the evening, the thought occurred to him that it would be a good idea to call on Mrs. Van Tromp, as the chance was good to intercept him before he went out for the evening. So O'Shane turned down one of the cross-streets leading to Madison avenue, and reaching it, proceeded directly to the residence of the Van Tromps.

Ring the bell, he was admitted; but watchful eyes had seen him ascend the steps and enter the house.

The man in gray, Campbell, the Virginia colonel, on the opposite side of the street, concealed in the dark shadow cast by the houses, had kept a wary eye upon the Irishman, whom he had diligently followed from the time he had quitted the Hoffman House until the portals of the Madison avenue mansion had opened to receive him.

But Campbell had grown wise by experience. Detected once by the Irishman, spying upon him, he had not been so careless in his tracking operations a second time. So that, when on Broadway, he had perceived from O'Shane's manner that he was aware of being watched, Campbell had instantly crossed over to the other side of the street, and there, secure from observation, had tracked O'Shane as the blood-tracks of the fugitive Maroon in the West Indian jungle.

Campbell, concealed in the shadows of a doorway opposite the Van Tromp mansion, fell into a brown study.

"Twice I've tracked this man from this woman's hotel to this house," he muttered. "He doesn't live there, that is evident. He is an adventurer—a card-sharper, or something of that sort: I knew the tribe well enough in the old days in Virginia. Now let me sum up the case as a lawyer would sum it up—no, that's a bad simile. Rather let me say, as the backwoods avenger—some Boone or Kenton of early days—would detect from the marks on the grassy meadow, or in the slime of the dank morass, whether that path led to the wigwags of the murdering red-skin or to the forest cabin of the white settler. First, this woman is the living image of John Blaine. I am sure that, in some way, she is connected with him—that she is in communication with him. Now to find the messenger. This tall Irishman is the only one who has visited her that answers to my idea of the man who would bear a message from the beauty with her diamonds to the escaped felon with the smell of Sing Sing still fresh upon him. Then, too, why is the Irishman so enraged when he discovers that he is being followed? An honest man does not fear, even if a detective is at his heels. But what does the Irishman come to this house for?"

Long and earnestly Campbell meditated over this difficult question. His imagination could not supply an answer.

And while he leaned against the edge of the wall, his eyes wandering vacantly over the front of the house opposite, nearly every window of which was brilliantly illuminated by the gas burning within, the front door opened

suddenly and again as suddenly closed. No sound reached the ears of the watcher on the other side of the street, so carefully had the door been opened and shut; and, but for the ray of light which shot out upon the brown-stone steps, intercepted for a moment only by a dark figure passing through the portal, then again appearing for a second, and then disappearing as the door closed behind the figure, the Virginian would have rubbed his eyes in astonishment and wondered where the man had come from who descended the steps into the street.

The stranger walked with a peculiar, noiseless step, as though he was shod with velvet. Not a sound broke on the stillness of the night air as he walked onward, going down the avenue.

The Virginian passed his hand vacantly across his forehead; to his fevered imagination, almost crazed by dwelling upon one subject so intently, the man who glided along so noiselessly on the frosty pavement seemed more like a shadow from the other world than a mortal like himself.

The extraordinary caution, too, evinced in the opening and closing of the door, and the descent of the man to the street, bewildered the spy.

His first impulse was that the man was some sneak-thief who had, in some way, gained access to the house and was now departing with his booty; yet this surmise was soon disposed of, when the colonel reflected that the man was proceeding along very leisurely, as if not at all in a hurry, and, besides, being apparently excellently attired—this was the colonel's impression, though the night was dark and the light dim; and, too, the man hadn't cloped with the overcoats in the hall, for he showed no signs of plunder.

The colonel was bewildered; he saw at the first glance that the man was not O'Shane; he was not as tall by half a head. The mysterious manner in which he had quitted the house aroused the liveliest suspicions, and, as the stranger went on down the avenue, the colonel watched him, carefully noting the peculiarities of his walk. Little by little the impression came to the mind of the Virginian that the man was no stranger to him. He did not recognize the figure, but there was a peculiarity about that step and gait which led the colonel to believe that, somewhere and at some time, he had known a man who walked as this man walked.

Vaguely speculating upon the strangeness of the fact that he should remember a man's walk while both face and form had been forgotten, the colonel, like one in a maze, leaned against the side of the doorway, his eyes still fixed upon the dark figure upon the other side of the street.

Then the man passed under the glare of a gas lamp. He was not so far distant but that the colonel could see that his hair was light and that he had the appearance of a gentleman.

And, as the man passed under the light, he turned his head and cast a rapid glance behind him. 'Twas but for a moment, and though he was so far off that the colonel could barely catch a glimpse of his face, yet the Virginian would have sworn that he had heard him laugh mockingly—saw the white teeth glisten and the dark eyes shine.

A second only; and then, out from the circle of light into the darkness beyond went the man.

A second only did the eyes of the Virginian, concealed in the shelter of the doorway, rest upon the face of the stranger, but that was quite enough.

Despite the light mustache that now shaded the upper lips, despite the flaxen locks which curled down from under the edges of the dark felt hat the stranger wore, and the thick scarf which muffled his throat and chin, the human bloodhound recognized his prey!

A minute more, his hand on the "bowie" concealed in his bosom, and his heart white as his face with rage, Campbell followed on the stranger's track.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHOCOLATE CONFESSES.

AGREEABLY to their appointment, Stewart and Weathers called upon the two girls.

As usual, Mary was busy engaged with her sewing in the inner room, while Chocolate, with one of the weekly story papers, was amusing herself in the little kitchen.

Chocolate admitted the young men.

"Mary's hard at work," she said, after the usual greetings were exchanged, "and the shirts are perfectly splendid."

"Don't disturb yourself," Stewart exclaimed, as he perceived that Mary was about to lay aside her work, and he advanced into the little parlor as he spoke; "keep on with your work and never mind me." Then he took a chair and sat down by her side, first removing his overcoat.

Then over his soul came the pride of the conqueror. No dainty belle of fashion's giddy world had he gained, whose lips had given and received a hundred love kisses bestowed by as many different lovers, who had been "engaged" so many times, and so many times had snapped the silken bonds, that to be off with the old love and on with the new had become as commonplace as the changing of partners in a ball-room; whose heart had mirrored so many images that that subtle "camera" of the soul no longer acted with clearness, and the picture produced was shadowy in outline and uncertain in feature. Like the Genoese, Columbus, his bark had voyaged over an uncertain sea on discovery bent, but now the darkness of doubt was past and a fresh young heart owned him as its discoverer and lord.

Standing as the two were by the door that led into the entry, they were out of sight of Stewart and Mary, who were seated in the other room, busy in conversation.

How long the lovers would have remained motionless in their dream of love it is impossible to say, but a sudden commotion in the room rather abruptly brought them down from cloud-land to earth again.

The terrier, who answered to the name of Prince, busily engaged in examining his new quarters after the fashion of his race, came upon the cat, Peter, fast asleep extended at full length behind the stove.

A single instant the terrier glared upon the cat enjoying her slumbers so peacefully and dreaming not that danger was nigh, then his tail became rigid in its stiffness, his ears stood upright, and every muscle in his wiry frame swelled beneath the shining hide. With a quick, sharp bark uttered as a war-cry, he pounced upon Peter. Happening to seize the unsuspecting cat by the loose skin of the neck, he "yanked" Peter out into the middle of the room before that astonished feline had any idea what the matter was. But, in the center of the room the dog released his hold for a moment for the purpose of getting a better grip, then came a transformation. The cat's tail became of wondrous size, his back arched like the gateway of a Moorish temple, and as the terrier dashed in again to the attack, Pete received him with claws and teeth. So warm was the reception that the dog first yelped with pain and then howled with rage, but he came of good stock, did that black and tan, and was warranted "to come again." In a twinkling, despite Peter's claws and teeth, he had the cat over on his back, and for about a minute there was the liveliest little skirmish that was ever seen in that house.

Chocolate, with a succession of screams, took refuge on a chair, while Weathers made a desperate attempt to separate the enraged animals. This was a task not easy to accomplish, for all the fighting blood of the terrier was up, and Pete was not a bit less averse to "trying conclusions," smarting as he was under the pain of half a dozen sharp bites.

Finally, Weathers, getting the dog by the tail dragged him away, the little animal snarling frightfully and kicking up row enough for a dog six times his size.

Peter, the moment he was relieved of the dog, immediately took refuge on the mantelpiece, and there, calmly licking the wounds he had received, quietly contemplated the enraged terrier who galloped up and down on the floor underneath barking furiously.

Weathers, catching up a towel which lay handy, drove the dog under the table and compelled him to give over his warlike designs, and then the dog, following the cat's example, turned his attention to the scratches and bites which he had received, relieving his mind, however, with an occasional growl, as much as to intimate that he yielded only to superior force, and stood ready to renew the quarrel at any moment.

Stewart and Mary had been attracted from the parlor by the disturbance, but after it was over retired again to their former position.

Chocolate and Weathers sat down by the table in the kitchen; Weathers rather disconsolate as he thought of the affray of which he had been the innocent cause.

The girl with her quick wit guessed his thoughts at once.

"Never mind," she said, soothingly; "it wasn't your fault. Of course you couldn't tell that they would fight. And if you hadn't brought the puppy, perhaps I shouldn't have known that you cared so much for me."

Weathers brightened up at this idea; it was quite consoling.

"Well, I never thought any thing about their fighting, but suppose that I had better take the dog away again, hadn't I?"

"Yes, for they will never get along together, and I do like Peter; I've had him since he was a little bit of a kitten. You won't be offended, will you, because I like Peter better than I do the little puppy?" and the girl looked into his face with quite a serious expression upon her features as she spoke.

"Why, of course not!" he exclaimed, and then turning the conversation he asked, "How do the shirts get on?"

"Oh, they are really beautiful!" Chocolate exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Mary is such a nice sewer."

"Mary's a nice girl, too."

"Yes, that she is."

"Do you know I think that my friend thinks a good deal of Mary?" Weathers said, meaningly.

"Yes, I know he does; I bother Mary about him."

"I don't think they will ever marry, though," Weathers said, musingly.

"Why not?" Chocolate demanded, in astonishment.

"Because she won't have him; she says that she is not worthy of him. Do you know any reason why she shouldn't marry him?" he asked, shrewdly.

"No," replied the girl, promptly; "there isn't any reason except that he is rich and she isn't. Mary has got a great deal of pride, and if she won't have him that's the reason."

"I wish you would find out," Weathers said, persuasively.

"I will and I'll tell you sure the next time you come, but I know that's the reason."

As usual, about ten o'clock the young men departed. The interview between Mary and Stewart was but a repetition of their former one. The girl had simply said that there was a powerful reason which forbade their union, but would not reveal what it was.

They bid the girls good-night and departed. Weathers put the terrier inside his overcoat as before, but the animal insisted upon keeping his head out, and as Weathers retreated backward through the door, the dog took a parting look at the cat, which was still perched securely upon the mantelpiece. The mouth of the redoubtable terrier opened with a growl, displaying a fine set of white teeth, while the cat erected his back and swelled out his tail in war's stern array.

Weathers departed speedily for fear of another conflict.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 107.)

The wanderer from home, like the land-surveyor, drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

How Fate Settled It.

BY S. J. CUNNINGHAM.

MR. GORHAM LATIMER was engaged. Through thirty years of correct bachelorhood he had withstood the charms of the fair sex. Then, having acquired a competency, he resolved to marry. It was upon an eminently proper young lady that Mr. Latimer fixed his regards. She had lately graduated from school, leaving an unsullied record for order, punctuality and application to her studies. Her social position was irreproachable; her father a successful merchant, whose ledger and day-book might have been as closely inspected as could his daughter's school record, and the result have been equally gratifying.

The young lady's name was Edith Darnley, and Mr. Latimer considered himself fortunate in securing for a wife one who he firmly believed would prove worthy of him. Mr. Latimer's courtship had been eminently proper and correct. He had called on Miss Darnley for exactly two years, at intervals graduated carefully to correspond to their increasing intimacy. He had escorted her to lectures and concerts, walked calmly home by her side at their conclusion, and at the proper time had taken advantage of one of these occasions to offer Miss Darnley his heart and hand. That young lady, in obedience to parental commands, had, in a few well-chosen words, accepted both.

After this the calls became more frequent, and nothing now remained but to consummate their engagement with a wedding. The middle of June had been set apart for that purpose, and it was now the first of May. What wonder that Mr. Latimer ran with almost boyish light-heartedness up the steps of his boarding-house, and even smiled indulgently upon Mr. Adolphus Everts, whom he encountered in the parlor.

"How are you, Fussy?" asked Mr. Latimer, gayly, using the familiar boarding-house sobriquet for the little blonde gentleman. "Why, you look happy as a king, man! What's up?"

"And I have good cause to be happy, sir," returned Fussy, waxing confidential at the elegant Mr. Latimer's unusual familiarity. "Little angel!" he murmured ecstatically.

Mr. Latimer rightly judged that this expression was not addressed to himself, but that Fussy had forgotten his surroundings and that his thoughts had wandered elsewhere.

"A woman in the case," he suggested, gently drawing his companion back to realities.

"A woman! yes," exclaimed Fussy, vehemently. "Of course, and the woman of course, the sweetest, loveliest, most charming of women, too!"

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Latimer, in unconscious plagiarism of the Eastern monarch.

"That," said Fussy, slowly and in some embarrassment, "I do not know. Come, now that I have told you so much, I may as well tell the rest. The truth is, I owe all my happiness to this little bit of paper."

As he spoke, Fussy withdrew from his pocket-book what appeared to be an extract from the advertising column of a newspaper, and handed it to Mr. Latimer of a newspaper, and handed it to Mr. Latimer.

That correct and astonished gentleman read:

"MATRIMONIAL.—A young lady, aged eighteen, good-looking and well supplied with cash, would like to enter into a correspondence with a young gentleman having the same advantages. Address, *Blanche, City Post Office*."

"And do you mean to say that the writer of that advertisement is the 'angel' of whom you have been speaking?" queried Mr. Latimer, in virtuous indignation.

"Of course I do, and why not, sir?" ejaculated Mr. Everts, reading unqualified disapproval in Mr. Latimer's face, and resenting it accordingly. "We have corresponded for nearly six months, and at last she has granted my oft-urged request and promised me an interview to-day."

"My young friend," began Mr. Latimer, with majestic solemnity.

But Fussy impatiently pushed the well-gloved hand from his arm.

"Oh, I know very well what you are going to say. Of course, with your straight-laced notions, you wouldn't approve of it at all. But I tell you, man, you are mistaken for once in your life. You haven't seen her letters; you haven't seen her!"

Then with a rapid change from anger to condescension, he went on:

"But you shall see her, Latimer—you shall see her to-day, and acknowledge that you have judged her wrongfully. The boat leaves here for Hudson at three o'clock, and she is to go down there. I am to know her, and she will be my wife. It is now half-past two. Come with me and see for yourself. I have no fears for the result."

He linked his arm in Mr. Latimer's, and excitedly pulled that gentleman onward. They were soon at the dock. There lay the gay little steamer ready for her trip down the Hudson. All was bustle and confusion, and with some hesitation Mr. Latimer stepped on board.

He stumbled blindly forward after Mr. Everts, but Fussy heeded him not. He had caught sight of a fluttering blue veil and jaunty buff parasol, and all else was forgotten. Mr. Latimer heard a few words of murmured greeting, saw a daintily gloved hand extended and ecstatically clasped in Fussy's, and then the fluttering blue veil was raised and revealed—could it be? Yes, there was no mistake—the lovely features of Edith Darnley!

Half an hour later Mr. Everts remembered that Mr. Latimer had accompanied him, and turned to introduce his friend; but that gentleman had disappeared.

There was a stormy interview in Mr. Darnley's parlor that evening. Mr. Latimer, without waste of words, informed his trembling little listener that he was aware of her perfidy, and at once released her with many tears confessed, as indeed there was nothing else left for her to do.

"She was so sorry," she sobbed, "and she knew she had been foolish and improper, and every thing. But their engagement had been so stupid, and she only wanted a little fun. And she hoped Mr. Latimer didn't care very much, and wasn't very angry, and, oh, dear! what would papa say?"

This last seemed the climax of Miss Darnley's woes. Her distress was so genuine, her penitence and fear so extremely childish, that Mr. Latimer felt his indignation melting away, and experienced a feeling of pity for the poor little culprit before him. He even went so far as to promise to intercede with papa in naughty Edith's behalf; and when Mr. Darnley entered half an hour later he was as good as his word. Without explaining the circumstances, he informed his father-in-law that was to have been, that Miss Edith had discovered that she loved another, and that he had freed her from her engagement.

And when Mr. Darnley's wrath rose higher and higher, and Edith's sobs threatened to become tragic, he even found himself in the somewhat novel position of a man pleading for his rival, and expatiated on Mr. Everts' irreproachable character and high social standing.

He staid till the storm on the domestic sea began to subside and signs of a calm appeared. Then he took his hat, bade his quondam lady-

love a long farewell, and with mingled emotions sought out his boarding-house.

He was not angry at Edith, but he wondered he had ever fancied he loved her. She seemed so frivolous and childish as he reviewed her past conduct. But some way his room did not seem as cheerful as usual that evening. He tried in vain to fix his thoughts upon his book, but the house seemed noisy and confused, and the baby in the next room kept up an intolerable crying.

"Are that young one's lungs of brass?" ejaculated Mr. Latimer, savagely, throwing down his book in despair. "This is equal to the torments of the—"

Mr. Latimer came near committing a great impropriety and mentally using a bad word. He stepped to the hall and pulled the bell-rope violently. No one responded, and the infant's screams were redoubled.

"Of all the useless objects in existence a screaming baby is the most so," Mr. Latimer informed himself. He wondered whose property this particular one was, and why some one didn't take it in hand and make it stop its howling before the whole household was disturbed. Then he remembered that for several months a young lady had sat opposite to him at the table whose name was Maude Stanley, and that her room was next to his. Her sister, a poor widow, had recently died, leaving her baby to its young aunt's charge. Miss Stanley, he understood, gave music lessons, and supported herself and Master Charlie. This was all Mr. Latimer knew.

But Charlie was still screaming with unabated vigor, and Mr. Latimer paused before the partially open door and peered cautiously in. Then he committed a second impropriety. Seeing that baby was sole occupant of the room, he stepped in and bent over the cradle. There was a sudden cessation of weeping, and then Mr. Latimer, who knew very little of babies and their ways, found two fat arms clasped closely around his neck, and Master Charlie, smiling and happy, had made him prisoner and refused to release him.

Mr. Latimer's first impulse was to call some one to take the child off; his second was to retreat to his own room, taking his trophy with him.

An impromptu throne was soon constructed of bolster and pillows, a smoking-cap, meerschaum and watch-case placed at Charlie's disposal, and the amateur nurse seated herself in his arm-chair and opened his newspaper.

When he again looked up, the curly head had fallen backward against the pillows, the blue eyes were closed, and Charlie was asleep. Mr. Latimer again applied himself to the consideration of the Civil Service Reform, and was again interrupted. This time it was a timid knock at the door. Mr. Latimer rose to admit his guest, and Miss Stanley paused upon the threshold.

"Oh, Mr. Latimer," she began, in a frightened voice, "have you seen any thing of Charlie? I left him asleep, expecting to be back in a few moments; but I was gone longer than I meant to be, and—"

But just at this moment the troubled eyes cleared, and Maude caught sight of her charge calmly sleeping among the pillows.

"Oh, my darling!" she exclaimed, catching the unsuspecting baby in her arms, and nearly smothering him with kisses. "Don't think me very foolish, Mr. Latimer, but you can't imagine how frightened I was when I found him gone."

But Mr. Latimer thought it his duty to apologize. "He was sorry he had caused her so much anxiety," he averred. "But baby had cried so bitterly that he had ventured to take him for a few moments, and then had carelessly become absorbed in his paper and had forgotten to listen for her return, as he had intended."

But Maude declared there was no need for apologies. He had been only too kind, and she could not thank him enough. And the brown eyes smiled up so gratefully into his that he felt fully repaid.

Then Miss Stanley said "Good-night," and Charlie waved his dimpled hand to signify the same, and Mr. Latimer was alone again. Some way he felt lonelier than ever after this.

But our hero did not forget his sweet-faced little neighbor nor her noisy charge. Sometimes it was a basket of fruit, or a bunch of flowers, sometimes a whistle or jumping-jack, and once a rocking-horse, that found their way to Maude's little sitting-room. And when Charlie progressed in his education and was learning to walk alone, it was to Mr. Latimer's room that he insisted on wending his way, and Mr. Latimer who most kindly welcomed and royally entertained him.

And so one day this lonely bachelor awoke to the knowledge that Maude, with her sweet face and gentle, womanly ways had become very dear to him, and with much hesitation and many doubts of his own worthiness, he ventured to tell her so, to ask her to be his wife and let him do his share to make Charlie a good and useful man. And Maude, who had already given her heart into his keeping, could not refuse her hand also.

But Maude was not the only bride that winter. Mr. Adolphus Everts had stood the test of the severe examination into his life and prospects. Mr. Darnley saw fit to institute, and he and Edith had triumphantly proved their constancy by a six months' engagement. Papa Darnley had at last withdrawn his objection, and Edith became Mrs. Adolphus Everts.

"After all," reflected Mr. Latimer, as, with his graceful wife leaning on his arm, he encountered the newly wedded pair, offered his congratulations, and received them in return, "after all, Fate has arranged it very well. Fussy seems perfectly satisfied with his little butterfly of a wife, and as for myself—well, I don't think there is a man in the world I would change places with."

Old Hurricane:

OR,
THE DUMB SPY OF THE DES MOINES.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLACK-HAWK LANDS.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY," "IRON SIDES," "THE SQUAT," "DEATH-NOTCH," "THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

VACATING THE FORT.

"SAVED! Saved! thank God, my darling Camilla!" cried Captain Ross, as the fugitives were admitted to the fort, and his young wife, overcome with fatigue and joy, sunk fainting into his arms.

And now, cheer after cheer went up from the lips of the exultant claim-stakers, and they were answered from the overshadowed plain by yells of derision that seemed to issue in chorus from a thousand savage throats.

At last our friends were all safe and defied the allied host that swarmed around them. Still, they left no point unguarded, and during the remainder of the night, sentinels were kept posted on the fort, and scouts sent out to patrol the valley.

The night passed away without any demon-

stration on the part of the foe. With the coming of day the besieged had hopes of the dense fog dispersing, but in this they were disappointed. The white mist seemed to thicken instead of growing lighter, and this protracted gloom made it necessary for the claim-stakers to keep several men on duty as guards and scouts.

Shortly after daylight one of the latter discovered a canoe coming down the river with a single occupant. The craft was moving leisurely and standing boldly out in the middle of the river. As it drew near, our friends saw that the occupant was an Indian chief, and as he came still nearer he was recognized as the old chief, Black Hawk.

As he gained a point opposite the fort, he headed his canoe toward the shore. Captain Ross, seeing he was going to land, went out to meet him and conduct him into the fort.

All saw that the brow of the chief was clouded, and that something of a serious nature was weighing heavily upon his mind. He had but little to say, and when he had received a cordial welcome from each of the little band, he turned to Captain Ross, and said:

"Black Hawk is troubled in his heart; a cloud is upon his brow like the cloud that is upon the face of the heavens."

"I am sorry to hear it, Black Hawk," replied Ross, "and would be glad if I could do anything for you."

"The pale-face captain can help me some," replied Black Hawk.

"Then let your wants be known, chief."

"But a few suns ago," the old man began, "Black Hawk gave the pale-faces permission to stake off claims on our Reserve. It has been the cause of much trouble, for many of my war-chiefs are made rebellious by the white man's fire-water, and they do not approve of my kindness to the pale-faces. Like brave men you have defended the rights I gave you to our Reserve, and many of my rebellious warriors have been slain, and the trouble is growing worse. A fearful storm is gathering around the pale-face land-chainers that all the power of Black Hawk can not stay."

"Is it possible, Black Hawk?" asked Ross, grove.

"Yes. While my war-chiefs and their braves did not approve of my giving you permission to locate claims, I could have overruled their objections, but the bad white men on the Dispute gave them fire-water that put the devil in their hearts, and all my power can not drive it away. The power of the bad pale-face that is concealed in his fire-water is greater than the power of Black Hawk's eloquence, for he is old and feeble; but he has seen the day when mighty chiefs feared his power and trembled at sound of his voice. But all this has passed away like the glories of a summer day. While Black Hawk does not wish to withdraw the permission he gave the land-chainers, as a friend he would advise them to leave the Reserve before danger befalls them; and now is a good time to go. The Great Spirit has thrown a cloud over the land to conceal the land-chainers from the eyes of their enemies, and it will last full another sun."

"This is quite a surprise to us, Black Hawk," said Ross; "we have defied the power of our enemies and located our claims. But we have remained here since, only to show our enemies that we are not afraid of them."

"You have done well; but you are in a strange land, and your powder will not hold out with the patience of your enemies."

"True, chief, true," replied Ross, "and we will be advised by you, for we know you mean us well. We will leave your country at once, to come again when the title to your land expires."

"It is well," said the chief, his face, lighting up with a glow; "when the snow of another winter has passed and the flowers burst open anew, then the title of the Great Father at Washington begins, and his children can come without fear. But let them ever remember that Black Hawk is their friend."

"We will never forget you, chief. You have been a friend to us in a trying moment, and if we ever return to this country to live, you will always be a welcome visitor to our firesides."

The old chief smiled in childlike innocence. He seemed highly pleased by the mark of respect shown him by the claim-stakers. Before he went away he was made the happy recipient of many valuable presents—a fine silver watch, a handsome rifle and a rich blanket.

After the departure of the chief a meeting was held, and it was unanimously decided that the party make no delay in getting out of the country.

But how should they go? Their horses had all fallen into the hands of the enemy the night previous.

It was soon settled. They would go by water. They would use the boat captured from the enemy. They could build a wall upon it to protect them from rifle bullets, and they could mount the howitzer upon it for their defense.

The greatest trouble they would be likely to meet with, would be in passing Spain, for, should the enemy get wind of their intentions, as they probably would, they would run the risk of their lives to destroy the whole party of claim-stakers.

Old Hurricane, Noddy Nat, Wild Dick and Witless Seth, also the Boy Ranger, had agreed to accompany the party to the Des Moines' confluence with the Mississippi, and so the arrangements for the retreat were bestowed upon Old Hurricane. The hunter accepted the trust with all the pride of a man who has had an army consigned to his care, and at once laid out his course for the retreat.

The band was to be divided into two parties—one party to take the boat down the river and around the great bend, while the other party was to take the females, and on foot, cut across the country and meet the boat below the bend if it made the trip past Spain.

The object of this division was to insure the safety of the females, for should the boat be attacked and its defenders compelled to give it up, they would be enabled to make their escape if not incumbered with the females.

The old hunter's plans meeting general approval, work was at once commenced on the boat, and by dark all was ready for departure. Those detailed to carry the craft around the bend took departure shortly after dark, and a few minutes later, the other party under Old Hurricane, crossed the river, and took its way in a south-easterly course through the woods. By his own request, Witless Seth was permitted to accompany this party.

As Black Hawk had predicted, the fog still hung over the land, and this, together with the darkness, rendered the gloom almost impenetrable; and it was only by Harry Dudley, the young surveyor, consulting his compass occasionally, that they were enabled to proceed at all in the right direction.

The journey before them was a short one, yet, owing to the extreme darkness, it would require several hours, if not the entire night, to make the trip. However, they pressed on with good heart, and about midnight they emerged from the tangled woods into the open prairie. Here they were enabled to move with greater ease and speed, but they suddenly became aware of other persons being abroad upon that plain.

This discovery gave them great uneasiness.

It gave rise to the fear that they were being followed by the Indians and outlaws, and should the fog clear away suddenly, as it was likely to do at any hour, escape would be impossible.

They stopped and listened. True enough, Indians were upon the plain. But there was no alternative now but to keep on, and so they quickened their footsteps in hopes of reaching some point of security soon.

Old Hurricane brought every faculty into play, in order to keep himself posted as to their proximity to the red foe that now seemed to be scouring the plain in all directions around them.

At times they could hear the swift "swish" of feet through the grass within a few paces of them, yet the deep gloom concealed both parties from each other's eyes.

At length, however, another discovery was made that caused our friends great uneasiness. A light could be seen bobbing about over the plain, and it finally became known to the fugitives that it was a lantern carried by no less a personage than the notorious Lieutenant Cal Thomas.

"Boys," whispered Old Hurricane, "that lantern is likely to cause us some trouble, and should it come hereabouts, I shall endeavor to exterminate the thing."

They moved briskly, yet cautiously on. Witless Seth, the mute, followed close at their heels, and although no conversation could be had with him, it was observed that he was constantly on the alert for danger, often pointing out that which could be neither seen nor heard by his friends.

As they pressed on, several pairs of eyes were kept fixed upon the moving lantern, and at length it was seen to be making a circuit that would bring it near the fugitives. The latter made no efforts to elude it, for they felt that it was of the greatest importance to them that it be destroyed soon as possible. However, they came to a halt as it approached them. They were enabled to see by the light that Thomas was alone, although there was no doubt but that others were following close behind.

The outlaw was moving in a direction that would lead him directly across the path of, and not three paces from, the hunted party.

Old Hurricane had decided upon his course of action. He would let the outlaw pass him, then strike him down from behind. But, to the sudden surprise and fears of all, the instant the outlaw got directly in front of them, he stopped, and turning with his face toward them, he held up his lantern and upon his face fell in their faces! It also lit up the broad, sensual face of the outlaw. Our friends saw his small, ferret eyes dilate, then start with a fenshish glow when he discovered who were before him. They saw his lips part as if to utter a call, but before he could give his cry, there was a sudden "whirr" through the air, and with a low moan, the robber sunk to the earth.

His lantern had fallen from his hand, and leaping forward, Old Hurricane grasped it. As he did so, its rays streamed across the face of the prostrate outlaw and upon his temple he saw the death-mark of Scarlet Death!

Dropping the lantern, as if through fear of its light showing the mysterious avenger where to strike him, he sprang back to his friends, and in a tone denoting great excitement, he said:

"By the gods of Olympus, friends, Scarlet Death is abroad too! He slew that robber! Come, let's leave, for fear we get a spot. Leave the lantern to show the Indians the mark of the Avenger, and mebbe it'll skeer the varmints off!"

Ross, who saw, as they followed on after the hunter, that he was not a little excited over the death of Thomas, and that he entertained superstitious fears of Scarlet Death. In fact, the mysterious Demon had proven himself a creature of singular power, and a knowledge of his being about was not calculated to make the captain himself feel entirely at ease. It also served to quicken the steps of all the party. Witless Seth, the poor unfortunate, creeping on behind, unconscious of what was being said.

The death of Thomas was soon discovered by his red allies, and a cry of dismay pealed from their lips. By this time, however, our friends were some distance away, and whether it was owing to the Demon's stroke or not, they met with no further difficulty during the night.

The night wore away quicker than they had wished for, for, under its cover they had hoped to reach the river, which was still some distance away. Besides, the sun threatened to disperse the fog, for at times it would rise upward from the plain, leaving the whole expanse uncovered, but the next instant it would fall again, darker and denser than ever.

The night wore away quicker than they had wished for, for, under its cover they had hoped to reach the river, which was still some distance away. Besides, the sun threatened to disperse the fog, for at times it would rise upward from the plain, leaving the whole expanse uncovered, but the next instant it would fall again, darker and denser than ever.

"That risin' and fallin' risin' and fallin' of the fog," said Hurricane, "is a sure sign that it's going to leave afore long."

The party halted for a few minutes on the plain to rest and partake of the meager supply of refreshments prepared before leaving the fort.

Half an hour found them again in motion, and they had begun to congratulate themselves on their escape from the enemy's toils, when suddenly a

"I don't think we're far from the river, now; and if this fog would just hang a little longer, we'd be all safe. But you see it's preparing to break away. The sun is drawing it upward and packing it into clouds. A gust of wind might lift the whole thing to heaven, and leave us exposed to savage eyes."

"Oh, I pray Heaven it will last till we are safe!" cried Camilla, in a tone of despair.

"Hark! hark!" cried the old hunter, gazing back over his shoulder like a stag at bay.

"What now, Hurricane?" asked Ross-grove.

"Ah me!" cried the old borderman; "the lo-pin' hounds have caught our trail in the damp grass! Forward, friends, for the river; the crisis is comin'!"

With a silence that told of deep inward fears, the fugitives quickened their footsteps into a run.

Not three hundred yards behind the foe could be heard.

To add to the fears of the fugitives they saw that the fog around them was growing lighter, and that a current of air was lifting it gradually upward from the plain.

"I am afraid it's all up with us, Hurricane," said Harry Dudley; "the fog is rising from the plain, and—"

"Never say die, Harry, with that little angel at your side," replied Hurricane. "Let us trust to the God of battles for help. It's not my own scalp that I prize so dearly—I wouldn't run a thousand miles to save it—but these gentle ones is what's stirrin' me up."

"Ah, uncle Hurricane!" cried Dora, "you have risked every thing for us, and—"

"Ah! the fog is goin'!"

A current of air sucked across the plain at this juncture, rolling the fog up into the heavens, relieving the plain for miles and miles.

A glance backward showed the fugitives in wild pursuit. Before them, not over eighty rods away, rolled the Des Moines river.

"There it is—the river—right there!" cried Ransom Kendall.

"We will never reach it," said Captain Ross-grove; "the fugitives will overhaul us before—"

He did not complete the sentence; a sudden boom burst upon the air, and at the same instant a cannon ball came screaming through the heavy air and plowed its way through the ranks of the pursuing Redskins.

"Saved! saved! thank God!" cried Ross-grove, coming to a sudden halt.

"Yes, let's take it cool, now, as a mountain top," added Old Hurricane; "the boys with the boat are at the appointed place, and it's well they sent a little assistance hereafter, for the devils were pressing us hard. But they'll give us no further trouble—see, they've stopped and are huntin' up the pieces of their friends that cannon ball scattered over the plain. A good shot was that, and sweet Moses! hear the boys on the boat yellin' for glory."

The little band moved on. The river was reached.

Then the boat was swung in toward the shore, and a plank was shoved out, the fugitives taken aboard, and the next moment all were homeward drifting.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 165.)

Part of the Price.

BY LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

On either hand, the glistening sands; to the left and near, the proud Garden City; before, the green waters of Lake Michigan, murmuring their ceaseless anthem; and over all, the blue October sky, dotted with pale, opaline clouds that were restlessly mirrored in the waves below.

Vienna Alway, standing on the beach, with the waves breaking at her feet and the cool lake breeze fluttering the ends of her scarlet shawl, looked out on the boundless expanse before her with unconsciously clasped hands, and dreamy, darkening eyes.

"Beautiful! Grand! If I were an artist I would paint it," she exclaimed. "And yet dumb canvases and cold pigments would never express it."

"Can you understand it, even?" Sidney Lewiston's clear, musical tones asked, close beside her. She turned, a little haughtily, partly through surprise that her words, unconsciously uttered, should be answered; partly because of some inner emotion hardly acknowledged, and proudly batted with.

For just an instant she stood thus, and then—what wondrous power had this man that he softened her so? she, the proud heiress who reigned like a queen in her palatial mansion on the Avenue, and was absolute despot in her "set." The hauteur faded from her face, and she smiled, smiling.

"The spirit only, not the language. That puzzles me, its immensity awes me. I study it forever, and am forever baffled."

"The language of Nature is incapable of interpretation," he remarked, looking with those dark, fathomless eyes of his at the scene before them; "the mind may comprehend, but human words are powerless to express it."

"The sight of great waters is especially pleasant to me," Vienna said, speaking with the freedom with which she always spoke to Sidney Lewiston, albeit he was only a poor young artist whose "position" was far below her own.

"I almost forget that I am of the earth when near them. They take me out of myself."

She stood a moment, her blue eyes sparkling, her scarlet lips apart, watching the curling waves, all unconscious of the earnest scrutiny of her companion, then turned suddenly with a little scornful laugh. She could never resist the inclination to speak to this man as she could speak to none other, and she was always vexed that she did so.

"How pretty we are!" she exclaimed, with a glance at a group of idlers further up on the sands. "Our friends yonder are making themselves merry gathering shells. Let us join them."

"One moment," He turned toward her a face transfigured by some strong emotion, and looked steadily into her eyes. "Do you know that I love you?"

The warm, scarlet flushes sprang up to her very brow at the abrupt words, so full of repressed passion and longing, a light leaping to her eyes—the purest, holiest feeling of her proud nature for an instant transformed her. Then the flushes died away, leaving a stern pallor, the violet eyes shaded and darkened, the perfect lips compressed themselves with sharp intensity.

An unworthy thought had come to her—a thought of Sidney Lewiston's poverty and obscurity, and she was fighting a fierce battle with herself—all the pride of her race rose up for a moment against her love, and strove for the mastery.

He was steadily watching her face, and divined by bitter intuition the cause of the change that came over it.

"I understand," he said, bitterly. "The Brahmin institute of caste lives, even in America. You are an idler, a worker; that is a gulf which should forever divide us. I realized it even as I spoke, but love bows to no human pride—it rises above its slavish chains. I love you," he drew himself up proudly, "I love you, and I dare to say it."

She looked up into his face—a beautiful face it was, with its dark, luminous eyes and tender mouth—with a mien, fully as proud as his own.

"You think me presuming," he said, before she could speak, "in assuming that it is the difference in position only that divides us. My heart calls to yours, and it responds—you can not help it! Some time, he reached out his hand and laid it reverently on hers, "some time you will be true to yourself, and come to me. It may be long, but I can wait."

He turned as he ceased speaking and walked away, leaving her standing gazing after him. Proudly motionless she stood, like some breaking statue, but, as she looked, the warm color crept up into her face, the proud lips softened, and a glorious light filled her rare violet eyes.

"I do love him," she murmured, softly; "I love him, and I will tell him so to-morrow."

Alas, if she had but known!

It was a luxuriously-furnished apartment, with gorgeously frescoed walls and ceiling; deep windows, hung with mistlike laces; cosy lounging-chairs, upholstered in pink velvet with white fringes; and a velvet carpet, strewn with white lilies and pink rose-buds, into whose yielding depths the foot sank at every step.

At one of the wide windows stood Vienna Alway, her face a dead white, her eyes, wide open and full of an unspeakable horror, staring straight before her at the sea of flame that shot its horrid, lurid tongues up, against the gray sky—for this was the day of Chicago's doom—the day when, helpless and bleeding, the proud City of the West descended from her throne and bowed her forehead in the dust.

All through that long, never-to-be-forgotten night Vienna had waited, watching with horribly fascinated eyes the fire-demon as it swept on and on through the doomed city—pitiless, resistless, all-devouring; waited, with a dull, dead sense of horror, such as she had never before known, for the momentarily expected hour when she should be forced to flee, as others were fleeing, before the fiery sea, which threatened to engulf them.

She was all alone in the great house, the terrified servants having all fled some hours before. She was determined to stay until forced to leave, if the dire exigency should occur, and so she had waited and waited.

Now, in the still early morning, there was a prospect, if the wind continued in its present direction, that the flames, so fearfully, horribly near, would come no further in that direction.

As she stood there at the window, voices from the excited, hurrying throng below reached her. One, a well-known voice, saying:

"Lewiston works unceasingly; his efforts are almost superhuman."

And in reply: "Yes, he has saved half a dozen lives already. Such spirits as his inspire courage. He is too brave—I fear for him."

And even in that dreadful moment Vienna's heart thrilled with a pride, whose purity shamed that other worldly one, that the man she loved was a hero. She had not seen him since that morning, three days before, upon the sands.

She sat down near the window, and, crossing her hands on the chair-arm, leaned her forehead wearily upon them. She had not realized how great a strain the long night's watch had been upon her—for hours she had stood, almost motionless, at the window, held by a strange, fearful fascination—and now, when she sat down, a deep feeling of weariness and exhaustion came over her. She had not the most remote idea of sleeping, but, as she sat there, perfectly at rest, a dull drowsiness stole over her, and, before she had realized it, she slept.

She was awakened by a feeling of strangulation, and started up in bewilderment. The room was filled with smoke, and the heavy, hissing roar of flames sounded clearly and distinctly above all else. She comprehended at once. The house was on fire—the wind had veered, and the billowy, seething, surging sea of flame was sweeping directly toward her, so close, as she glanced from the window, that she stood appalled.

Escape—that was the first thought, but, before she could leave the room, there came a sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, the door flew open, and Sydney Lewiston, with white, set face, burst in.

"I have come to save you," he said, hastily, as she confronted him. "Quick! there is not a moment to lose."

He snatched a shawl which lay near, and drew her into the hall. The foot of the staircase was in flames—the hall below looked like a bottomless abyss of smoke.

"Courage! I will save you!" he said, as she turned to him mutely, and in another instant he had thrown the shawl about her head, lifted her in his arms, and was descending the stairs. One awful, breathless moment, and he stood in the street. A hack stood at hand; with a hasty word to the driver, he pulled the shawl from Vienna's face and forced her within it. Heretofore she had not spoken—now she put out her hand and caught his.

"Save yourself," she said, appealingly. "Come with me!"

He smiled and withdrew his hand, waving it to her as the vehicle rolled away. She looked breathlessly back at him, and at the withering sea of fire behind him, and uttered a low, earnest "Thank God!" as she saw him moving unscathed away from it.

Then he was lost to view as the hack, with its human freight, moved on, as fast as the distracted, throbbing, swaying crowd would permit. It seemed to Vienna as though that horrible ride lasted for hours.

It was ended at last, and she descended to the ground. She looked around on the helpless crowd of frantic women, despairing men, and pitiful, crying children; then back at the fire that, with forked tongues leaping high into the brazen sky, was so relentlessly moving on, and involuntarily cried out: "Father above! How long before even this refuge will not be left?"

The day wore on. How long the hours were—how fearfully, horribly long! Would the time never arrive when he would come? for for Sydney Lewiston she was waiting, waiting with that awful, breathless fear for the loved in danger that in those dreadful days so many hearts were familiar with. But he would come—she never doubted that, sooner or later, he would come to her. So she waited, and while she waited, worked.

There was plenty of work for willing hearts and hands, and she turned to it with a true woman's earnestness. There was no food for the famishing children, but they were to be cared for, and soothed, and to others words of hope and comfort to be spoken. She did what she could, and through it all she prayed, and watched, and waited.

He came at last. The day was almost done. A group of men, with such white faces as men wore in those hours, approached, bearing something between them. Vienna took a step forward, and they laid their burden at her feet. It was the burned and crushed form of a man, and the unscarred, marble-like features were the features of Sydney Lewiston.

With a low, wailing cry, she dropped down beside him, and lifted his head in her arms.

"Sydney! oh, Sydney!"

At sound of her voice the dark eyes unclosed and lifted themselves to her face, and a smile

of ineffable peace came to the beautiful mouth. He made a feeble attempt to raise his hand, and clasped with a convulsive pressure the cold fingers that touched his.

With another will, in which all her heart went out, Vienna dropped her face and pressed her lips to his.

"Sydney, oh, Sydney! I love you! I love you!"

There was no responsive pressure of the clasping fingers, no returning kiss. She lifted her face and looked down into his. The dark eyes were closed, the rare smile frozen on the beautiful lips. "The words the living longed for she spoke in the ear of the dead."

Widow Rowe's Stratagem.

BY JAMES H. HENLEY.

ELDER BROWN, though a very good man, always kept a sharp look-out for number one, a peculiarity from which few people are exempt, and especially the inhabitants of the little town of N—

In worldly matters he was decidedly well-to-do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable.

The Elder's nearest neighbor was a widow named Rowe, who was still a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Her worldly possessions were few, consisting of a small, old-fashioned house, in which she lived, and a small sum of money, hardly sufficient to comfortably support herself and child, a boy about seven years of age, and she was therefore compelled to keep boarders, in order to keep a roof over her head.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, she sat before the fire in the sitting-room, in deep thought.

"If I am ever situated so as not to have to work so hard, I shall be happy," she murmured. "It's a hard life, keeping boarders."

By-and-by her face brightened. She had an idea which she resolved to put into execution immediately.

"Willie," said she to her son, the next morning, "I want you to stop at Elder Brown's as you go to school, and ask him if he will stop over and see me this morning."

The Elder was a little surprised at this summons, but he stepped into the widow's kitchen at about eleven o'clock, as she was preparing dinner.

"Willie told me you wanted to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, Elder, I do. I want advice, and selected you to give it to me, as being a well educated man."

The Elder bowed in acknowledgment of this compliment, and the widow continued: "The case is this. Suppose—remember, I am only supposing—a case—suppose a person should find a bag of gold-pieces in their cellar, could the law touch it, or who should it go to?"

"A bag of gold-pieces, widow? Unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it," replied the Elder.

"And whosoever formerly owned the house could not come forward and claim it, could they?" asked the widow with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, certainly not. When the house was sold every thing went with it."

"I'm glad to hear it, Elder. The question happened to occur to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it settled. You had better stop and take dinner with us."

"No, thank you," replied the Elder, rising and walking toward the door.

"At any rate," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you wouldn't object to taking a piece of mince pie. You know I pride myself on my pie."

The warm pie sent forth a delicious odor, and after saying "well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "I don't know but what I will."

He ate with much gusto, the generous piece the widow cut for him, and after chatting a few moments he departed.

"Is it possible?" he soliloquized, as he walked down the road, "that the widow really has found a bag of gold-pieces in her cellar?" She had not said so, but why should she show so much anxiety, and ask such questions as she did?

Elder Brown was also one of the directors in a savings institution situated in the next town, which he visited once or twice a month.

The morning after the above conversation had taken place, the Elder drove over to attend a meeting of the directors, and as he entered the bank he saw the widow Rowe standing at one of the windows.

"Can you give me small bills for a ten-dollar gold piece?" she inquired of the cashier.

"With pleasure," he replied.

"This bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None on a better footing."

"Do you receive deposits as high as ten thousand dollars?"

"No," replied the cashier, with some surprise, "we do not receive such large sums."

"What interest do you allow on such sums as come within your limit?"

"Five per cent."

"Thank you; I only asked for curiosity," said the widow, as she tripped lightly out of the bank.

The Elder had stood a silent and unobserved listener to this conversation, and his suspicions that the widow had found a bag of gold were strengthened thereby.

After finishing his business, he left the bank in deep thought, no longer entertaining a doubt but that the widow had found a bag of gold pieces in her cellar, and putting this and that together, he came to the conclusion that its probable value amounted to about ten thousand dollars.

The next Sabbath the widow appeared in church in a costly and stylish bonnet, which caused a few remarks similar to the following:

"How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to wear such a bonnet as that, is more than I can see. She is probably trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I'd condescend to such tricks I'd—drown myself."

In this amiable speech the old lady that made it unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Elder Brown, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he could be caught with finery, but because that would strengthen the idea in his mind that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth. She calculated shrewdly, and the display had the desired effect.

The next morning the Elder found an excuse to call on the widow, and she, knowing his weak point, brought out one of her best mince pies, a piece of which the elder partook of with a keen relish.

If the truth must be told, the Elder had determined to propose, and during the evening he did propose, and was accepted. A month later she became mistress of the Elder's large house.

Some months after they were married the elder ventured to inquire about the bag of gold she had found in her cellar.

"Bag of gold?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I know of none."

"But you asked me if the law, or the former

occupants of the house, could claim it," said the Elder.

"Oh, I only asked for curiosity."

The Elder retired to the barn, and meditated in silence for a half-hour, and then said, aloud, as a closing consideration:

"After all, she makes good mince pies."

The Promised Bride.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARRUCK.

AMONG the passengers aboard the ship Rockland, homeward bound to Liverpool, from the East Indies, was an invalid merchant, a Mr. Glenton, and his daughter, Annie, a beautiful girl of seventeen, Captain Sinclair, whose regiment, the 11th Infantry, had lately been disbanded, Mr. Doon, an iron manufacturer, and the Rev. Anthony Clyde, a missionary.

Doon and Sinclair both wanted Annie, who, however, looked with favor on the captain—a younger, handsomer and more attractive person than the manufacturer. Mr. Glenton wishing Annie to prefer the attentions of Doon, who was the richer of the two men, the young girl, brought up to obey her father in all things, endeavored to avoid the suitor whom she loved.

Nevertheless, so objectionable to her was the iron man, that, while obliged to receive him, she could give him no encouragement.

Thus matters stood until the Rockland had nearly passed round the Cape of Good Hope, when, one day, it was discovered that the invalid, Mr. Glenton, was so bad that he could not live many hours.

As the death-damp gathered on his brow, he piously begged Annie, who, with Doon, stood near, to promise him that she would marry the latter as soon as possible after he (Glenton) was no more.

The poor girl trembled, turned deathly pale and stood silent; but the dying man continued to beg and plead with her, until, at last, the required promise was wrung from her lips.

Half an hour after, Glenton died.

His remains were, on the next day, consigned to the deep, and poor Annie found herself an orphan.

Sinclair, who knew nothing of the promise she had made, devoted himself for days to the task of soothing her. But he noticed that she would never remain long with him at a time, and that his efforts, instead of calming, only seemed to add to her grief.

Three weeks after her father's death, Sinclair, one evening, seeing her alone by the quarter-deck, approached her.

He perceived she was weeping, but, as he drew near, she turned, evidently to avoid him, toward the cabin.

"Miss Glenton," said the young man, while he gently detained her, "am I not become so disagreeable to you that you can not, even for a moment, bear my presence?"

"No—no—it is not that!" she said, hurriedly, in a half-frightened manner, "but—but—oh, I can not tell you!"

"You know I am one of your best friends," said Sinclair; "has any person said aught against me, or do you think I would take advantage of your present position to again speak of my deep love for you, which you once told me must not be, though you gave no reason? Can it be I have become utterly distasteful to you?"

He spoke in a voice of such anguish that it deprived Annie of all her self-possession.

"No—no!" she gasped—"I love you—I love you—alas! too well—but—"

"You love me!" interrupted Sinclair, "then by my faith I'll have you, in spite of all the world put together!"

But the young girl, as his arm stole toward her waist, started back.

"No!" she cried, agitated, "this must not be. I promised my dying father that I would marry Doon whenever he wished it, and he wishes it to-morrow, here aboard this ship!"

So saying, she disappeared, leaving Sinclair almost paralyzed.

Words may not express his sorrow. He shut himself up alone in his room, his heart bitter against that man Doon, who could thus force a girl to marry him against her inclinations.

The night passed; morning dawned, with a strange calm upon the sea; far and near the sky was tinged with yellow, while the sun had a singularly misty appearance.

The captain of the sloop shook his head ominously.

He had every sail furled except a close-reefed maintop-sail, and walked the deck rapidly, casting anxious glances at the sky.

"Mr. Doon's compliments, and would like you at his wedding, down in the cabin!" said the steward, popping his head out of the companionway.

"Much obliged, but tell him can't on account of storm—a perfect roarer—coming out from south-east. Mind you tell him to hurry up, steward, or I'm blasted if both he and the bride won't get a ducking that'll take all the starch out of 'em!"

The steward obeyed the bluff skipper's orders, but he was careful to tone down his remarks in relating them to Doon.

Not long after, Mr. Clyde stood ready, book in hand, to perform the marriage service.

The only witness present was the skipper's wife, who could not help pitying the intended bride. The latter was very pale, her lips were tightly compressed, and she trembled all over. To look at her any person would have guessed the terrible sacrifice she was making.

The twain had joined hands, and the missionary was about commencing, when down went the ship on her beam-ends, as the storm suddenly struck her from an unexpected quarter, hurling Doon off his feet into the arms of the captain's wife, who had thrown out both hands to clutch something to save herself from falling. They both staggered against the wainscot, when the good woman, with disgust, pushed away from her the half-frightened Doon, whose nose, of the club order, had been jammed up against her eye. The missionary had fallen upon his "seat," and in this position, hugging the book to his breast, was sliding to leeward, while poor Annie held to a table to save herself from going over.

Howling, shrieking, roaring, the tempest was making mad music through the ship, which, still on her beam-ends, was flying through the water, shrouded in spray, with her timbers groaning, and her cracking masts bending like whalebone.

Suddenly a great sea came sweeping down through the companionway, filling the cabin half full of water, and drenching its occupants to the skin.

It was followed by a thundering crash, as both the fore and main-masts went by the board!

"On deck, or we'll be drowned!" screamed Doon, scrambling to Annie's side and nervously clutching her arm.

All in the cabin made their way on deck, just in time to hear the ship's captain, his voice splitting the air like a gun:

"Look out, there! Hold on hard! Here comes a sea!"

There it was, right to windward, apparently

towering as high as the mizen top-sail top-gallant yard, the water curving and falling over along its upper edge, with a dull, ominous, splashing roar.

Doon, losing all his self-possession, and thinking only of saving his own life, instantly let go of Annie's arm, and ran behind the cook's caboose, clutching one of the ropes attached to it. Thus the girl, left alone, facing that huge moving rampart of water, now not more than twenty feet from the ship, must have been swept overboard, but for a strong hand, which grasped her firmly, while a cool, clear voice rung in her ear:

"Throw your arms around my neck and cling to me. I'll either save you or perish with you!"

She obeyed directions, and Sinclair, for he it was, who from a position near the helm had sprung to her rescue, now threw an arm around her waist, while with the other he clung to the mizen life-rail.

Just then the sea struck the ship, and all aboard, with every thing else there, were for a moment engulfed.

As the tremendous water-giant, carrying with it large portions of the shattered bulwarks, the cabin-top, the boats, the caboose and the wheel-house, passed on roaring to leeward, and the ship lay half-buried in the sea, the cry of "Man overboard," rung along the deck.

OLD JENKINS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

When he was young he was too shy
To ever cut a shine,
And when you'd ask the reason why,
He'd answer with a whine.
No action did he ever take
Because he was so rude,
And while his virtues were but few,
He'd wear a feud.

A sorry name he strove to win,
And never would he wince,
None cared so little for a sin,
Either before or since.
His many, many debts to pay
He never stopped his pace,
And yet he had a grown gray,
Aloft with noble grace.

Around at night he would not go
For fear he'd see a ghost,
And didn't hanker for a row
As much as for a toast.
He thought a good name but a toy
That wouldn't pay the toll;
And shamed advice just like a boy
Would stand a stinging bolt.

He searched for money high and low,
And got an awful load,
He cheated many a man, and so
Reaped more than he sowed.
Each time that came into his way
Was only tried and weighed,
And every cent, they used to say,
Was carefully assayed.

He held his neighbors all in fee,
And got his daily feed,
And made them bend the debtor's knee
Whenever he was need.
His coin in iron safes he'd stow,
And largely grew his store,
And viewing it he'd chuckle, "Lo,
This hoard shall not get lower."

At last this shrewd man wed a shrew,
And got so badly shrewed,
If he was free again to woo
He said he never would.
She knocked him low and kicked him high
As if she had been hired,
And of the matrimonial tie
He soon got sick and tired.

One day when no one else was nigh
He took a carving-knife,
And saying happiness was a lie,
He took his worthless life.
The grateful widow, as you say,
Took all the wealth he'd coined,
And to another with joy
In matrimony joined.

Oh, alas!
So gently of these tender puns
As you would sip your punch,
Or swallow them as they were buns,
Together, in a bun.

Strange Stories.

THE COLT OF KEELDAR.
A Legend of the English Pale.

BY AGILE PENNE.

The bloodhounds in Keeldar Castle howled the live-long night, and along the Northumbrian sky the airy streamers of the Northern lights shone red.

When the broken flakes of the early morning light spread over the mountains of Keeldar, the lord of that race, James by name, but more commonly called "The Colt," from his great strength and prowess, rose from his bed and donned his armor.

Then sighed the lady Margaret as she beheld the warlike preparations.

"Tell me, dear love," she said, "where go you to hunt to-day? Is it by the banks of Keeldar, or on the Tyne?"

"No, sweet wife," the gallant warrior said; "we will not press to-day the heath-bell that blooms by the side of Keeldar's waters, nor the primrose pale that nods by the Tyne's swift stream. To-day we ride over the Scottish border to hunt in Liddesdale."

Fair was the cheek of that lady then, and mournful was her sigh.

"Soulis is lord of Liddesdale!" she cried; "and good men say that he is in league with the fiends below. I fear you will never return. The ax he bears is charmed; it is formed of an earth-fast flint; no armor ever forged can withstand its blow. A magic sword, too, he wears; of adrestone the hilt. I fear that you will never return, if you dare to test the power of cruel Lord Soulis."

"Do not fear, dear love," he cheerfully replied. "In my plume I wear the holly green and the leaves of the rowan tree—sure guard 'gainst witchery; and my helmet was blessed by the good monks of Saint Bride; no demon steel can dint a wound on me."

And when the sun's first beams came down on the murilow low, the "Colt" of Keeldar, with some twenty spears, rode over the Scottish border.

Blue behind them grew the English hills as they spurred up the Redswire heights.

Then, with his bugle's shrill blast, Keeldar waked the echoes of the Scottish hills.

Thrice rung the bugle blast upon the air, and then a wee man of swarthy hue upstarted from the limber fern by the side of an ancient cairn.

He was clad in russet weeds, as brown as the heath whereon he stood, and his hair was as red as the purple heather-bell.

The hounds they howled and backward fled as though struck by a fairy charm.

But Keeldar pruned questioned the stranger.

"Tell me thy name, brown dwarf?"

"The Brown Man of the Muirs," the elf replied, "and I dwell beneath the heather-bell. Little care I for mortals, but woe betide that tempt whose horn at morning first I hear.

Danger, young Keeldar, lurks in thy way; tempt not the power of Soulis, of Liddesdale, but turn and ride for the English border."

And ere the knight could make reply the wee brown man was gone.

Lord laughed the Colt of Keeldar at the warning of the elf, and many were the red deer that he and his followers slew that day within the woods of Liddesdale.

And when the noonday sun was high, a knight from Hermitage Castle spurred his way across the vale and greeting gave from Lord Soulis.

"He heard your bugle's echoing call in his green garden bow, and would take it ill that so many noble lords should pass his poor castle and not honor him with a visit."

Courteously, young Keeldar accepted the invitation, and soon they rode for the castle of the wizard lord. But, as they spurred down the Hazelstraw, a brief warning Keeldar gave unto his friends and followers.

"For doubtful cheer prepare," he said; "and as you open force disdain, for secret guile beware."

'Twas in this castle that Mangeston's brave lord sat before a bloody feast, and, when on the table they placed the bull's broad head—the Scottish signal ever for foul assassination—they wet their daggers with his blood. Be wary, then; keep every man his sword, and, as you 'mid Soulis' friends are placed, range on the better hand, and if the bull's ill-omened head appear to grace the feast, plunge your steel in each neighbor's breast."

In Hermitage Castle then they sat down to dine—stern Soulis, of Liddesdale, presiding at the head of the board.

Sparkling flowed the blood-red wine, and merrily the minstrels played.

First they sung of the chase, of joy and glee, then of love in plaintive strain, and then tuned

their harps to a wilder theme, and sung, "The Black Bull of Norway."

Suddenly the tapers ceased to burn, the music died away; a solemn stillness reigned within the hall; each hunter bold of Keeldar's train sat an enchanted man; cold as ice through every vein the freezing life-blood ran.

Each right hand grasped the steel, each gazed with glaring eye, but the Colt of Keeldar from the table quickly sprung, unharmed by witchery.

He burst the doors and dashed adown the oaken stairs; fast behind followed Soulis and his armed train.

And when they gained the plain before the dark castle, never before in Border feud was ever seen so dire a fray.

Onward through the mailed throng the Colt of Keeldar cut his way. His helmet blessed by the good monks of Saint Bride no magic arms could dint, and in his plume the leaves of the holly green and the rowan tree waved, sure proof against the magic sword of stern Lord Soulis.

Quickly fall the Scottish spearmen before the might of Keeldar's good right arm. Half-way to the stream he gained, and Soulis groaned aloud in sore despair.

Then up by the side of the warlock rose the Wee Brown Man.

"In vain a thousand blows assail the charmed mail," he said; "in vain by land your bows are bent, but in the stream—what spell can charm the rushing tide?"

And then down beneath the heather-bell again slunk the murilow elf.

Cruel Lord Soulis heeded the counsel well, and fast into the foamy stream the Scottish lances floated the English knight.

Ains! no spell could charm the tide! The holly floated to the bank, and the leaf of the rowan pale.

Past was the Colt of Keeldar's course along the stream, and steady the Border lances held him to the wave.

With mighty strokes, Lord Soulis rained down blows of the magic sword, whose hilt was of adrestone, upon the helmet of the drowning man, but the blessing of the monks of good Saint Bride was no heathen spell that a stream of living water could set at naught; undinted still was the helmet stand, and the magic sword bent like a willow wand.

But, borne down by the weight of his armor and the lances of his foes, young Keeldar sunk at last beneath the stream, and thus perished the stoutest warrior in all broad Northumberland.

By the lily lee, where weeps the birch with branches green over the waters of the Hermitage, two gigantic stones mark the grave of the Northumbrian warrior.

And the hunters bold of Keeldar's train still sleep within the walls of gloomy Hermitage, and there for ages they must remain, till the towers in ruins fall.

The hounds sleep at their feet, their bugles are at their side; they wait for the blast of their leader—for the Judgment day, when forth from his grave will rise the Colt of Keeldar.

Fred's Blunder.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

An old-fashioned kitchen, whose windows were draped with starched, snow-white dimity curtains; whose long pine table was scored till it almost rivaled the curtains; whose floor was covered by a gay, home-made rag carpet; whose fire crackled and snapped on the huge hearth that windy January; and whose occupants sat in front of it, busy as bees.

Miss Miranda Burr always was busy, from four o'clock in the morning, at which hour she arose, winter and summer, until nine at night, when she went to bed, whether she was wide awake or sleepy, whether she was alone or had company, as was the case this evening.

It was Farmer Warner's wife who had been taking tea with Miss Miranda; and now, tea over, the dishes washed, and the sponge set, the hostess sat down to entertain her guest for a couple of hours longer.

A sleigh went dashing by, and the merry music of the bells aroused Miss Burr's animosity.

"It's young Fred Travis again! I'll know them bells in—Greenland, if I was there and Fred Travis should pass by. It's a wonder old Squire Travis don't put a stop to it, ain't it, now?"

"Why, what's up? Fred's behavior pretty straight, ain't he? I never see nothin' out o' place."

"Then your eyes are in the back of your head," responded Miss Miranda, tartly. "All Millville's affair, fairly, over the flirtation he's carryin' on with Maggie Gleason, and he studyin' for a doctor, too. Who does he expect 'll have him?"

Little Mrs. Warner smiled over her knitting as she wondered, in the first place, what harm Fred Travis could be doing if he did fall in love with pretty Maggie Gleason, the soprano in the village choir of which Fred was tenor; in the second place, what possible effect this love-making could have on handsome Fred's success as a physician; and lastly—this with a sly glance at Miss Miranda, who sat bolt upright, sewing on a night-cap—if it were not true that Miss Miranda herself was slightly "taken" with Maggie Gleason's bean?

More than one spicy gossip in Millville had said it; and it had come to Miss Miranda's ears, and she had smiled and smirked, and acted so mysteriously that rumor began, by-and-by, to believe its own reports.

It wasn't so awful queer, if Fred did "take a shine" to Miss Miranda. She was not so dreadful homely, and she owned a farm and house worth ten thousand dollars if it was worth a cent, and she certainly was only thirty-two years old—only seven years Fred's senior.

"You see, Miss Warner"—and that little lady jumped nearly off her chair, so suddenly was her reverie disturbed—"I am opposed to this flirtation on principle. I say, when a young man don't intend to marry a girl, he's no business to fool around." And Fred Travis won't marry Maggie Gleason.

This time, Mrs. Warner's hands and knitting lay prone in her lap.

"Why, won't he? How do you know, Miss Burr? I know he's been here three or four times, but I never drempt it meant any thing."

Miss Miranda's face began to blush, through all the required gradations of hue, till, from a pink, it assumed the color of a boiled lobster.

"I don't say nothing about that, only you take notice, and see if he ain't here again next Tuesday night."

"Next Tuesday? Why, that's singing-school night, and I heard Maggie say, only this morning, when I took the cream-skimmer home, that she was goin' in Fred's cutter."

A grim smile broke over Miss Miranda's face.

"Wait and see." And as Mrs. Warner tripped home, at ten minutes of nine, under the escort of Miss Burr's hired man, she only wondered what Fred Travis was "up to."

And as Miss Miranda blew out her candle that night, and adjusted the blankets about her neck, she decided within herself that when Fred Travis came on Tuesday night, if come he did in answer to her note stating that she wished to consult him again, professionally, regarding her neuralgia, it should not be her fault if some pretty broad hints were not taken!

She made just such a picture as would have delighted any man's eyes, as she stood by the window, looking down the snow-packed road, and watching for Fred Travis' sleigh.

She had put on a dark-green empress cloth, from the back of a pink silk scarf under the glossy linen collar, and had fastened a tiny pink bow in her Pompadour roll—such bonny brown hair Maggie Gleason had, and it looked so well rolled up from her sweet, winsome face.

She liked to be looking especially well when Fred was coming, because—well, because she was in love with him, though as yet she did not know it herself—not half so well as Fred did.

She was anticipating such a glorious good time for to-night; so that when the girl came in from the kitchen and gave her a note that Mr. Travis' boy had left, she began to feel disappointed already.

But disappointment gave place very quickly to an anger, a mortification, that was plainly visible in her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Do you blame her for feeling provoked, when, instead of Fred Travis, to take her sleighing, was this letter?

"It will be utterly impossible for me to call this evening, as I have a prior engagement; while candor compels me to confess that there is no possible need of my coming again."

"FREDERICK TRAVIS."

The tears were standing in her eyes as she read this cold, cruel note, and then she went up to her room, and locked her door, and cried herself to sleep.

"My darling, I am so sorry I must disappoint you this evening, but a sudden summons to the city of the gods has no time to see you, or an opportunity of discharging my duty as a citizen of the city of the gods."

But you must have known before this how much I love you; and you are my darling, aren't you? To-morrow night, dear one, I will see you at the Fair at the church; I will return in a late train, and come direct there to see you, and see if you have hoisted the signal that you are indeed "my darling." If you love me, I will know my fate the moment I see you, if you will wear a spray of pink roses in your hair, in front. Will you?

FRED.

Miss Miranda Burr read and reread her love-letter—her very own love-letter that Squire Travis' boy had left, not half an hour ago, and now, her face all lighted up with the joy she felt, she was walking to and fro in restless satisfaction.

So Fred Travis was nobody's fool, after all: had showed his good sense by picking out a wife who was not a chit of a girl like Maggie Gleason, who was good enough to flirt with, and that was all.

What a handsome fellow he was! how jealous the girls'd all be! and wouldn't she be married in style? And she started off that very minute to hunt up her receipt for wedding-cake, which being found, she sat down to read again her letter.

"Indeed she would—if Mrs. Gleason would give her a bunch, and she laughed to think what Maggie would say when she heard the news."

Then Miss Miranda started off on a tour of discovery among boxes and bags to hunt out some bits of finery to wear to the Fair.

"I'd like to look well," she said to herself, "for my table is next to Maggie Gleason's, and she'll be snoopin' around if Fred's attentive to me."

What could it mean? There was Maggie Gleason, but there were no roses in her hair, and her face wore a strangely worried look. He was so sure she loved him—well, he'd bear this bitter disappointment as best he could.

And so, when Fred Travis lounged around the room, past Maggie's table, he was prepared to be very indifferent, only that he wondered what ailed her.

"We have a pleasant evening, Miss Maggie," he said, and wondered what made her suddenly turn to a little girl who had a penny to invest in the grab-bag.

He heard her murmur "very," and then he looked at the next table, and at Miss Burr, whose face was wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, Fred, I am so glad to see you! I received your sweet letter—and, see?" She pointed to the cluster of roses in her scanty hair; and Fred, with almost a leap from the floor, saw through it all at a glance.

He had misdirected the letters!

"I beg your pardon, Miss Burr, but the letter you received was not intended for you. Will you be so kind as to return it?"

Return it? But Fred's cool, smiling face was there, and his hand outstretched for it. And—"it was so to be," she lamented afterward—she gave it to him, and took the roses off her hair.

And Fred walked behind Maggie's table, and waited while she read the letter; and then—

But we think the story is done.

Defeated.

BY BEN E. REXFORD.

She stood there in the sunshine of the summer morning, radiant and beautiful as a freshly-blossomed flower. The color from the roses' hearts seemed to have stained her cheeks, and there was a pearly-beauty in her eyes.

Leaning over the gate, Earle Stratton watched her as an artist might have done. She would have made a pretty picture, surely, with the great, old-fashioned garden for a background.

Suddenly she looked up, and saw him standing there watching her. A more vivid color dyed her cheeks.

"Good-morning," he said, in that rare, musical voice of his. "I have been admiring your aunt's flowers for the last five minutes. I wonder if I might ask you for some of them?"

"Oh, you can have all you want, and welcome," answered Lucy Venners, and began breaking off sprays of mignonette and heliotrope, and half-opened roses until she had gathered all her hand could hold.

"Thank you," Earle Stratton said, as she reached the flowers over the gate to him. "But what will your hand?" catching sight all at once of a drop of blood.

"Oh, nothing," answered Lucy, "only a scratch from a rose-thorn."

"Let me see it," he said, and took the girl's hand in his own like one used to being obeyed.

"Only a scratch! Why, Miss Venners, you have quite a respectable wound here. I must bandage it up for you, or it may terminate in something painful," and despite Lucy's assertions that it was nothing but a scratch, he insisted on binding it in his handkerchief. Judging from the length of time it took him to com-

plete the operation, it was an important wound; he rather looked as if such surgical performances suited him. Lucy wondered if her aunt, or her cousin Isabel, was watching them.

"There," he said, tying the handkerchief securely. "You must wear the bandage all day. I'll call to-morrow to see how my patient gets along."

He took up his flowers, and after a few more pleasant words, he went on down the road, and Lucy went back to the house, a soft, tender light in her eyes, and a pleasant, happy feeling at her heart.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Lucy Venners," exclaimed Isabel, the moment the door closed behind Lucy, "if you stand there flirting with Mr. Stratton all the morning! I wonder what you mean?"

A fiery flash of anger leaped up into Lucy's eyes.

"I was not flirting with Mr. Stratton," she answered, and then by a powerful effort of her will she shut her lips on the angry words that were ready to pass them.

"No—oh, no!" cried Isabel, scornfully. "Of course not! Only I happened to be where I could see it all, and I say it was flirting. Everybody knows you're dead in love with Earle Stratton, and it's no use for you to deny it. You're trying to catch him, but I'm afraid you'll not succeed."

Isabel would have been nearer right if she had said she was afraid Lucy would succeed.

"For shame, Isabel!" cried Lucy, her eyes full of scornful indignation. "You know you said that because you are jealous when Mr. Stratton pays the least attention to any girl except yourself. I can see that, and so can any one who chooses to use their eyesight. Mr. Stratton is a gentleman, and treats me as any other gentleman would. I can not help him giving me his friendship if he chooses to do so, and assuredly shall not try to prevent it to please you. I have never in word or deed, done anything to win his love, and have no intention of laying siege to him. You can rest easy on that account."

And before Isabel could reply Lucy had left the room. Hot, bitter, angry tears filled her eyes as she went up the stairs. Her life was not a pleasant one; it was full of harsh experiences; she had eaten the bread of dependence until it got to be very, very bitter. Dependence, I say. Really it was no such thing. In a hundred different ways she paid her way, but both her aunt and cousin managed to keep the idea before her that she was wholly dependent on their kindness, and the thought was not a pleasant one.

The next morning Earle Stratton called, but Isabel informed him that Lucy was not in.

When he left the parlor he met Rosa, the pleasant-faced Irish maid in the hall.

"Shure she lied to yez!" whispered she, with a grimace in Isabel's direction. "Miss Lucy, God bless her swate, purty sowl, is up-stairs the blissid mornin', an' she knew it. She's afraid yez 'll take more of a shine to Miss Lucy than to her. Shure an' that's the howly truth I'm tellin' yez. Didn't she give it to Miss Lucy yesterday, for bein' forrinst the gate wid yez? I heard it all wid me own two ears, an' the way Miss Lucy jist replied was illigant. 'I've never tried to catch Mr. Stratton,' sez she, her purty eyes a-flashin' fire, 'an' I'm not to blame if he is a fir'n'd to me.' Ye see, Miss Isabel she's that jealous o' swate Miss Lucy that she's fit to worry her all the time if she sees you a-speakin' to her. Not a blissid mornin' of peace does she give her. I couldn't help tellin' yez that she lied about Miss Lucy, bein' that she's not been outside the door the whole mornin'!"

Earle Stratton went down the road very thoughtfully. Rosa's words had awakened some self-knowledge in his breast. He saw that he loved Lucy Venners as he had loved no other woman. That it was the spell of her sweet face that had kept him lingering so long in Bentley.

"And Miss Isabel is jealous of her?" he said, smiling. "I am sure I never gave Miss Boyse any attentions which could encourage her to think I admired her. Poor little Lucy! She hasn't a very pleasant life of it. I will give her a happier one, please God."

Earle Stratton meant what he said.

The next time he called he asked for Lucy, but Miss Boyse told him she was not feeling well. The next call, on inquiring for her, he was informed that she was not at home.

"They mean I shall not see her," he said. "I must, in some way, and then he thought of Rosa, and managed to beg her assistance, unsuspected by either Mrs. Boyse or Isabel, in arranging an interview.

"Come to-morrow forenoon," counseled the girl. "They're goin' out into the country a ways. Miss Lucy 'll be alone."

Mrs. Boyse and Isabel came back from their drive, tired and dusty.

Isabel paused as she came up the steps.

"I hear some one talking in the parlor," she said. "I think we have visitors."

"I wonder who it can be?" said Mrs. Boyse. "Look in through those vines, and see."

Isabel looked and saw Earle Stratton with Lucy's head upon his shoulder.

"The little wretch!" she hissed. "Look for yourself, mother!"

Mrs. Boyse peered through the screening vines. Earle Stratton bent down and kissed Lucy's fair face.

"I wonder what aunt and Isabel would say if they knew?" said Lucy, smiling up into his face.

"They would say that they think such proceedings scandalous!" cried Mrs. Boyse, dashing open the casement. "I must insist on your leaving my house at once. I can tolerate such actions in no longer!"

"She is going to leave the house as soon as possible," answered Earle Stratton. "Allow me to present my future wife, and he put his arm about Lucy's waist, and smiled at the astonished ladies.

"Your wife!" gasped Isabel. "I knew she was doing her best to get you," with which weak thrust she subsided.

"You are mistaken—I was doing my best to get her," answered Earle. "I have got her, and am satisfied."

And so Isabel's plans were defeated.

On the Prairie;

OR,
The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

VIII.—"BIG INJUN"

HERETOFORE I have encountered but little difficulty in this veracious chronicle, because, sticking closely to facts, there was little room for imagination. But now—in the first portion of this sketch, at least—"things are considerable mixed."

Those who could make all clear, will not, or else try to make too clear, and, as their versions are directly opposite, what can I do?

You must know that this trip of ours had been talked of for some time before we set out, and, of course, there was some pretty tall blowing done in regard to what would happen should we be molested by any of the roving bands of red-skins that may be found in almost any por-

tion of the "Great West." I was one of the more modest, for I only promised three scalps, lifted by my own hand, to as many fair friends; from this judge the rest. As we neared the grounds, these boasts grew fewer and more faint, but then, as weeks passed on, quietly, peacefully, without sight or sign of red-skins, the old time was resumed, only more so. We only wanted to see the Indians. Number no objection—the more the merrier. Gum Griffith was particularly urgent. He fairly burned to distinguish himself by extinguishing some unlucky, copper-tinted rascal. Dime Novels were unanimously voted a fraud, for in them a valiant lot of heroes never had to wait long for the "varmints" to show up, to be knocked over, while here we were absolutely spoiled for a muss, or rather the lack of one. Days and weeks rolled on, and December came. Gum and Fred grew desperate.

"No use talking," Gum would say, "we'll look nice going back to St. Joe after all our talk, without one scalp to show for it, wouldn't we? They'd swear we'd hid in a gopher-hole all the time! I'll have one for Miss Bettie, if I have to buy it at Marysville—hope may never see the back of my neck, if I don't, now!"

Well, it was in December, and Pete Shafer had fully recovered from the effects of his scrape with the panther. We had all separated to visit traps, and, having the shortest runs, Gum Griffith and Will Bradley were the first ones back to the "dug-out." It is here that I find the difficulty alluded to. Gum swears that Bradley was the worst, and Will declares that Griffith was. After sifting both stories, I believe that they both were about as badly frightened as they could be, and live.

A deep grunt at the doorway startled them, and, turning, the dusky, greasy, half-clad figures of several red-skins met their gaze. Will says Gum dove headfirst under the bunk, sticking fast when half-hidden from view, and that he pulled him out by the heels. Gum says this is false—but that Bradley tried to climb up the chimney, and only desisted when the hot blaze removed a portion of his lower garments. As Will was slightly scorched, he explained that by saying he was only trying to get outside, the better to surround the savages, and thus take them all prisoners. Of course we believed it.

You can judge, now, something of my difficulty in trying to get at the real facts. Not that the boys were frightened—far from it. Either one could convince you of that in a five-minute speech. At any rate, the Indians were there. They entered seven in all, and as they appeared in good-humor, laughing, more or less heartily, the boys soon recovered from their excitement, bade them be seated, asked regarding the health of their interesting families, friends, etc.

The Indians were Omahas, big chiefs, each and every one, owned lots of squaws, houses, dogs, and other stock, but were—very thirsty; got any whiskey? No, no whiskey—temperance men. Gum never indulged—and then furtively rubbed some ashes over his nose, to keep it from disputing his word. A lie, no, Gum never lied. They entered seven in all, and as they appeared in good-humor, laughing, more or less heartily, the boys soon recovered from their excitement, bade them be seated, asked regarding the health of their interesting families, friends, etc.

Big Injun was hungry—cook meat. Certainly—Bradley was only too happy: any choice of cuts? No—only not so (bad word) lazy. Quick. Nice knife—heap sharp—Indian swap. Of course—only too happy, my dear sir. Eh? What? I don't understand. Uh! big Injun—heap mad hungry—den, git kill, den, den. Please don't be so hasty—any thing to oblige a friend. Gum, help me off with it, quick. And yest? the devil! Easy—don't pull so—I'll give it to you, etc., etc.

In good sooth the boys were in a pretty box, as they began to realize. Big Injun and his red brethren strangely mistook their natural politeness for fear, and so imposed upon good nature. One of them fancied Will's coat—an other believed that the mole-skin vest would just fit his form. So generous-hearted Bradley "needed" so did Gum. Five minutes later Will had on his buffalo-moccasins, and was just that much nearer dressed than was Griffith.

Matters were coming to a focus. One big brave, not quite so big as the others, had only an odd sock for his share, tied around his neck, but his keen eyes were wickedly scanning Gum's luxurious head of hair in such a manner that Griffith began to shiver—with the cold air that poured in through the open door.

What the next move might have been, can only be surmised, for just then a tall figure stepped within the doorway, uttering a significant grunt that immediately managed to a loud burst of laughter. Gum and Bradley smiled a silly smile. They felt like having the axe, a chill they both had beyond a doubt. Pete Shafer stood before them, and with one glance took in the scene. His gray eyes lighted up into a steely glitter as his mirth vanished, and he uttered a few rapid words in an uncouth dialect, while either hand drew a revolver. The biggest of the big Indians replied, but in a rather sheepish tone.

"Fun? dum sech fun?" cried Pete, lapsing into his own tongue, his face flushing angrily. "